

\$2.50

ADULTS ONLY!

M. J. Z. 87



DOLMANCE: (...) Do you believe, Eugenie that it is a very necessary virtue, this piety which binds man to an idiotic, insufficient, atrocious and contemptible Creator?

EUGENIE, to Madame de Saint-Ange: What! Then you mean to say, dear friend, God's existence is an illusion?

MADAME DE SAINT-ANGE: And without doubt one of the most deplorable.

Marquis D.A.F. De Sade  
*Philosophy in the Bedroom*

The history of religions is peppered with senseless violence, pointless massacres, abusive exploitation, abstract authority figures and fantasies about the afterlife. Religion has provided easy justifications for the most horrible negations of human life, organized murder, genocide and slavery. Still, any predator with video access rings in big bucks and devoted followers. Will they ever learn?...

So, enough with the hypocrisy, enough with the pious lies, here is religion at its most repulsive from (in order of appearance):

Pascal MEZZO: J.C., Mary Magdalene & Satan. This young French artist has appeared in *Metal Hurlant*, *Sortez la Cbienne*, the *Croquemitaine* book-folio, record covers and other venues. This is the first time he is published in this country.

Mario HERNANDEZ: Cleavo masquerading as the Savior. The third bro, he drew this elevating piece on Easter Sunday 1987. Perfect timing for pious art. His less redeeming works can be found in early issues of *Love & Rockets*, *Heck*, *Renegade Romance*...

Mary FLEENER: Marozia's Secret. Worshipers of a bloody crucified corpse surely qualify as bona fide necrophiliacs. Cubo artist and surfer girl Fleener offers this perfect case history. Fleener has been published in *Weirdo*, *Rip Off Comix* and is a member of the *California Cartoonists Soviet*.

Mike MATTHEWS & Lydia LUNCH: The curse of Saint Dymphna. She writes, he draws and their exquisite crafts-personship will always be welcome in Cleavo's art projects... Wish they'd go easy on the diet pills, though...

Steve LAFIER: Divine Anarchy. After being hassled one too many times in airport corridors, "Dogboy" Lafier reminds us of the real nature of fun-loving Krishna. Check out Steve's *Femme Noire* for more anarchy.

Krystine KRYTIRE & Michael FUREY: The Gospel According to Father Phlegm, The Neon Twins, he writes, she draws. She is the new cartoon star seen in *Weirdo*, *Raw*, *Cannibal Romance*... He remembers Sunday School... and both bend glass for a living.

Dori SEDA: The Pig People of Paraguay, b. 1951- d. 1988

Aline KOMINSKY: Fits of Passion. Her work has been an inspiration and a model for a new generation of cartoonists, mostly female. Editor of *Weirdo*, she gives us here another family portrait in an unusual abstract style.

Romain SLOCOMBE: The Mad Monk. Very influenced by Japanese manga, this French artist has been published in *Metal Hurlant*, *L'Art Medical*, *Tristes Vacances* and other obscure outlets where his twisted visions can bloom.

Joe SACCO: St. Agnes. Used to be Sister Mary-Adelaide's favorite third grader until she saw his illustrations for the "Lives of the Saints". Still a clean boy at heart, he tries to dirty his soul hanging out with rock bands in Europe as pictured in *Yahoo*.

PLACID: Ecclesiastes. Occasionally seen in *Raw*, Placid is a good example of that new generation of artists working the shifting border between comic and gallery art. He has been published in various French *artzines*.

Hiromi HIRAGUCHI: Santa Claus on New Year's Eve. From the pages of *SM Sniper*, a total perversion of this irritating symbol of rampant consumerism who started his career as martyred saint. Abuse, exploitation, disrespect for human life, the true spirit of Christmas. (Lettered by Lea Hernandez.)

PAT'ALLO: Crucifixion with garter belt. A regular of the *artzine* scene, Pat'Allo is also a painter of the Figurative Realism School (Combas, DiRosa,...) He takes us into the mind of an altar boy struck by puberty.

NAZARIO: The martyr of St. Sebastian. The author-creator of *Anarcoma*, the best looking TV in comic land, brings us his vision of St. Sebastian as patron saint of leather boys, a common hallucination in Barcelona's *Barrio Chino*.

Erick GILBERT: Editor and co-producer of this delightful pamphlet, the von Stroheim of Underground Comix... Please, mistress, harder, harder...



Scanned by Posted4You - January 10, 2003



# MAROZIA'S SECRET

IN THE YEAR 906 A.D. POPE SERGIUS AND HIS MISTRESS, MAROZIA RELAX IN HIS CHAMBERS. SHE IS 15 YEARS OLD, BORN TO THE RICH HOUSE OF THEOPHYLACT THAT CONTROLLED THE CHURCH FOR 60 YEARS.

CAN WE PLAY OUR LITTLE GAME NOW, MY LORD?

by M. FLEENER ©1986

~STORY: "THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN CHURCH" BANTAM BOOKS



"NINE YEARS AGO... ALL WERE ASSEMBLED AT THE LATERAN PALACE. I WAS WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER OF SPOLETO - AGILTRUDA, AND YOU WERE CARDINAL SERGIUS, AGE 36.



SPOLETO WAS AN AREA NORTH OF ROME.

EVEN THOUGH I WAS ONLY A CHILD, I WAS SO EXCITED AGILTRUDA HAD CHOSEN ME TO STAND BY HER SIDE. WHY, ALL OF ROME WAS THERE TO SEE THE DEGRADATION OF HER HATED ENEMY, A DEAD POPE, FORMOSUS.





AGILTRUDA ALWAYS SAID SHE'D GET REVENGE ON FORMOSUS. SHE EXPECTED HIM TO CROWN HER SON HOLY ROMAN EMPEROR BUT HE HAD A GERMAN CROWNED INSTEAD. THEY CLAIMED HE DIED OF A STROKE. NONSENSE! SHE POISONED HIM.



WHEN SHE WAS FINALLY ABLE TO PLACE STEPHEN VII AS POPE, IT WAS COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WAS VIOLENTLY INSANE - THEREFORE PERFECT FOR HER SCHEME.



ON AGILTRUDA'S SUGGESTION, POPE STEPHEN ORDERED THE ROTTING CORPSE OF FORMOSUS TO BE DUG UP AND BROUGHT TO THE LATERAN PALACE.



11 MONTHS EARLIER HE HAD BEEN BURIED AS A POPE, NOW HIS REMAINS WERE CLOTHED IN PAPAL VESTMENTS, PLACED UPON THE PAPAL THRONE AND TRIED FOR CAPITAL CRIMES BY POPE STEPHEN, HIS CARDINALS AND BISHOPS.



I REMEMBER HER BEING SO HAPPY! SHE HAD WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS... **THE CORPSE SYNOD.**



SYNOD - A SPECIAL CHURCH ASSEMBLY



I WAS FASCINATED BY THE DECAYING FLESH AND PROTRUDING BONE AND I SAW EYES IN THE VOID OF THE EMPTY SOCKETS.



A NERVOUS EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD DEACON ANSWERED FOR THE CORPSE DURING THIS CROSS EXAMINATION. I BEGAN TO FEEL SHIVERS OF WARMTH THAT RAN DOWN MY SPINE.



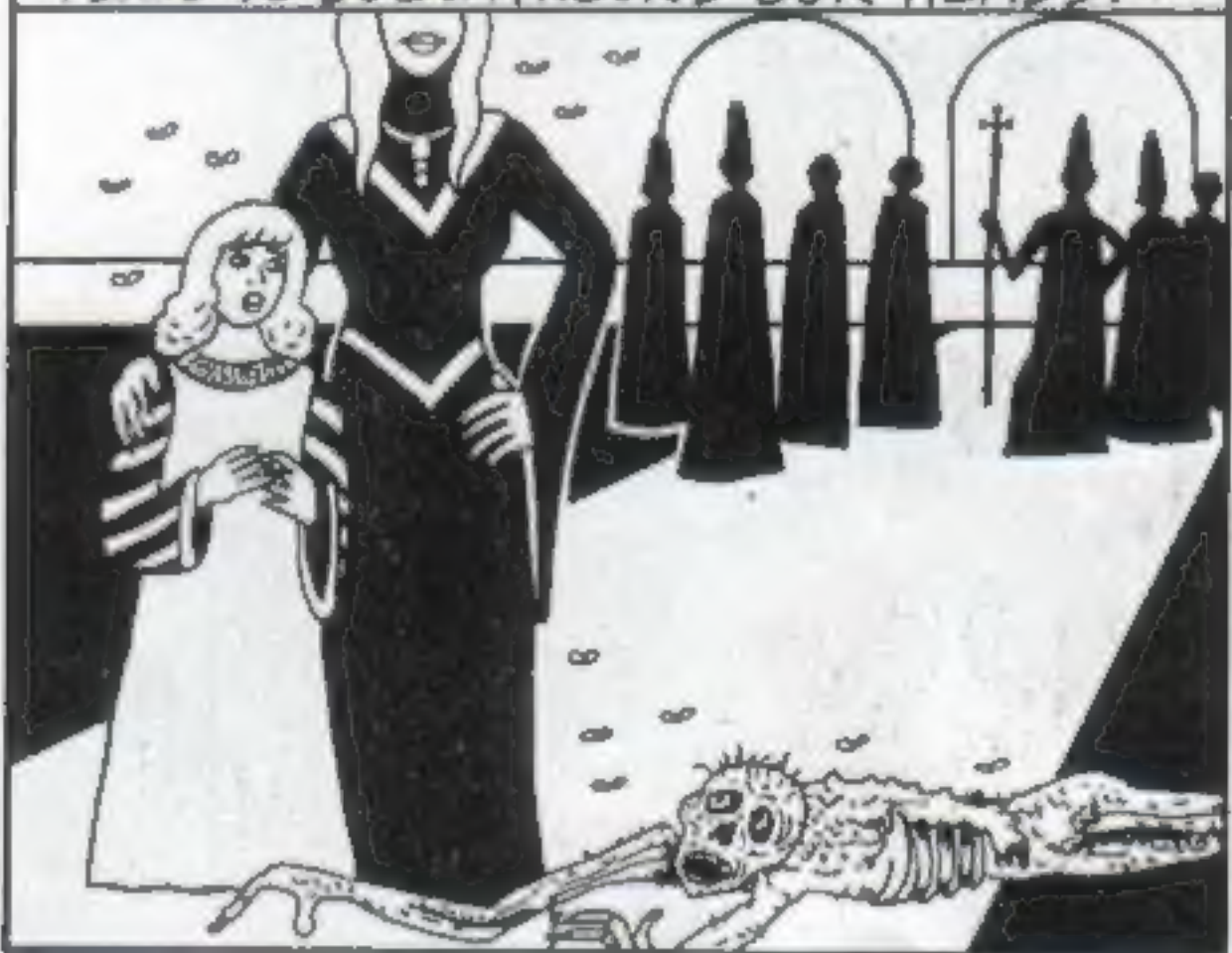
WITH THIS "CONFESSION", THEY RIPPED OFF THE PAPAL VESTMENTS AND TORE OFF THE FIRST THREE FINGERS OF THE RIGHT HAND - THOSE USED IN PAPAL BLESSING.



I HAD ALMOST STOPPED BREATHING, I WAS SO TRANSFIXED WITH THE DYING GRIN OF A MAN WHO, EVEN DEAD, COULD AROUSE THE PASSIONS OF THOSE LIVING.



POPE STEPHEN WAS NOW IN A FURY AND FLUNG THE CORPSE TO THE FLOOR WHERE IT LANDED NEAR US CAUSING FLIES TO BUZZ AROUND OUR HEADS.



THE BUZZING GOT LOUDER... THE STIFLING HEAT INSIDE THE PALACE... I LOOKED DOWN AND THE HAND OF THE CORPSE GRABBED ME AND IT ENTERED ME!





I VAGUELY REMEMBER THE CORPSE BEING THROWN TO THE SCREAMING MOB, FOR IN MY STATE OF UNEXPLAINED ECSTASY, I DARE NOT MOVE. ONLY MY LEGS, PRESSED TIGHTLY TOGETHER, KEPT ME FROM FAINTING.



AS YOU APPROACHED WITH THE THREE FINGERS OF FORMOSUS - A GIFT TO AGILTRUDA FROM POPE STEPHEN - I TRIED TO COMPOSE MYSELF AND HOPED THAT NO ONE NOTICED MY FLUSH OR COULD HEAR THE POUNDING IN MY CHEST.



THEN OUR EYES MET AND YOU WERE SMILING AS IF YOU HAD GUESSED MY PRIVATE JOY OR WERE YOU SIMPLY ANTICIPATING IT?



THEN THE POPE AND HIS BISHOPS BEGAN TO EMERGE FROM THE PALACE TO THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD WHO HAD TOSSED MUD AND ROCKS AT THE CORPSE, DRAGGED IT THROUGH THE STREETS AND THREW REMAINS IN THE RIVER TIBER.



TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF US ALL, AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT THE BASILICA OF ST. JOHN ADJOINING THE PALACE COLLAPSED IN RUINS WITH A DEAFENING ROAR!





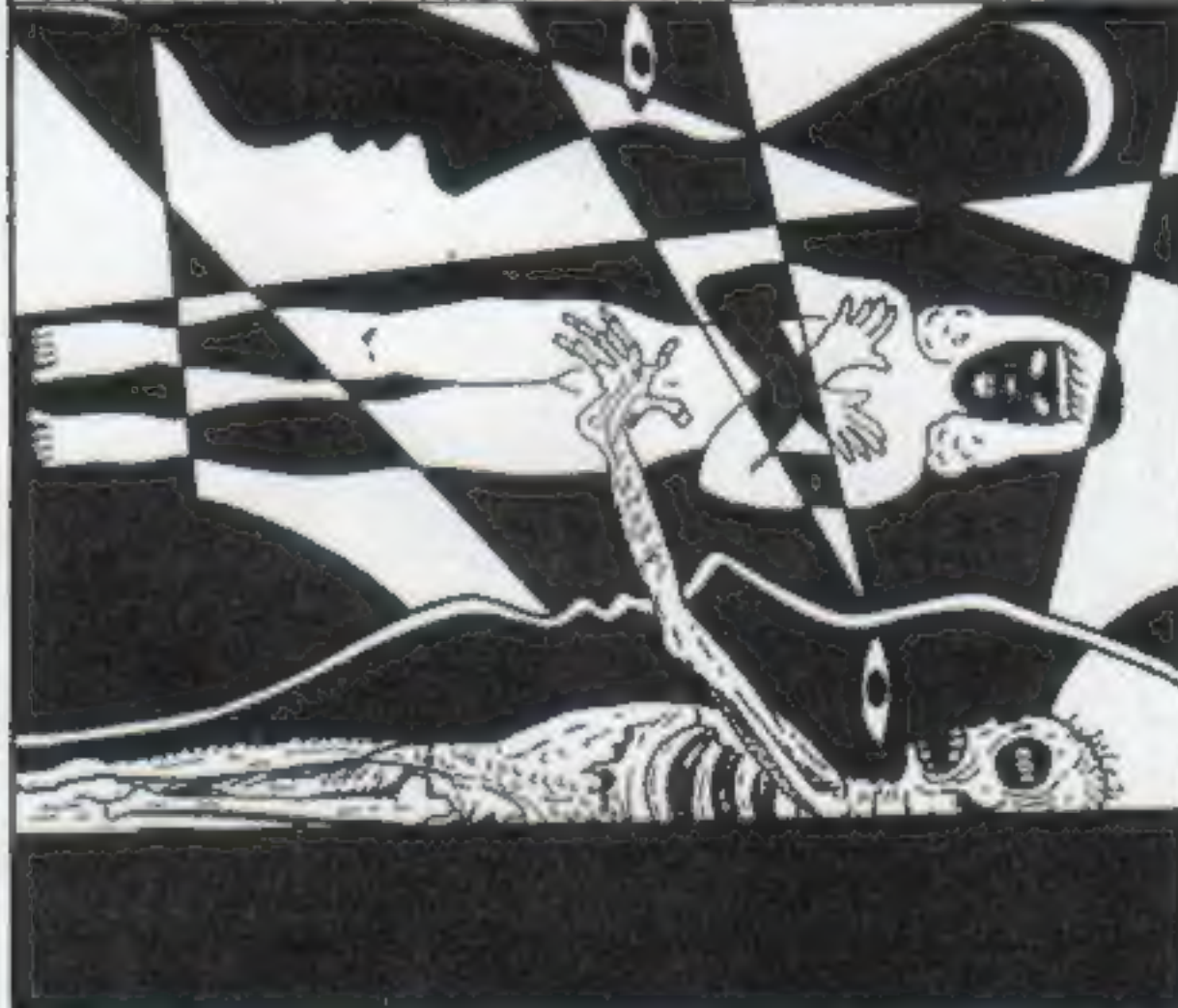
THE SOUND OF COLLAPSING MASONRY  
BROUGHT ME OUT OF MY TRANCE. IT  
WAS EXQUISITE TIMING FOR THEM...  
...AND ME.



AGILTRUDA WAS PALE WITH FEAR AND  
YOU JUST GRUNTED IN DISGUST.



THAT NIGHT I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAMS  
ALTHOUGH NOT UNPLEASANT."



TO THIS DAY I CANNOT  
EXPERIENCE PLEASURE  
UNLESS I REMEMBER THE  
CORPSE, THE SMELL OF  
DECAYING FLESH AND HIS  
COLD EMBRACE.



WELL, WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO PLAY OUR  
GAME **NOW**? "STILL  
AS STONE," AS YOU  
SO PUT IT...



WITH THE MEMORY  
OF THAT DAY STILL  
FRESH, NOTHING  
WOULD PLEASE  
ME MORE!

IF THAT BE THE  
ROOT OF YOUR SECRET  
PERVERSION, THEN  
YOU ARE **FORGIVEN**.



THEN I  
**CONFESS**.  
YOUR HOLINESS!

**FINIS**



# The CURSE of Saint Dymphna.

© 1986  
STORY: LYDIA LUNCH  
PICTURES: MIKE MATTHEWS

INVITATION  
To: The Family WAKE of  
**DELIA DIPNER (R.I.P.)**  
PASSED AWAY 15<sup>th</sup> MAY 1988.  
BELOVED WIFE OF DEAN DIPNER  
(OF WALL STREET. FOR THE BEST STOLEN-BRINGING  
ADVICE, CALL 412-871-7841)  
"SHE WILL LIVE FOREVER  
IN OUR HEARTS AND MINDS"  
TO BE HELD AT 1313 N. LIMBO DRIVE,  
NEW JERSEY, N.J.







HERE'S DEAN NOW...  
HE JUST HASN'T BEEN  
THE SAME SINCE  
DELIA DIED!

OH  
I KNOW!  
IT'S  
TERRIBLE!



OH HHHH...  
DELIA...



MMNGHH...  
WHY ME???



I JUST NEED A PILL



GYUFFFF...  
GULP...  
GRR...



GLUK GOMP



AAAHH...  
COUGH  
Phew!

JESUS, DELIA...  
WHY DID YOU  
HAVE TO GO AT  
A TIME LIKE  
THIS...?!  
SHIT...  
BABE...



I JUST GOT  
THRU PAYING  
FOR THE  
HOUSE...

I JUST MADE AN  
ABSOLUTE KILLING ON  
THE STOCK MARKET...

WE GOT OUR  
MATCHING B.M.W.'S  
SITTING IN THE  
DRIVEWAY...

DINAH JUST GOT ACCEPTED  
TO PRINCETON... ON HER 16<sup>TH</sup>  
BIRTHDAY, NO LESS..!



WE HAD THE WORLD BY THE  
BALLS, BABE!!



AND YOU HAD TO  
BLOW IT!!



OH HHH, BABY...  
BESIDES THAT...  
YOU HAD THE  
TIGHTEST  
BOX IN  
CREATION..!

grunk!  
HEH  
HEH...

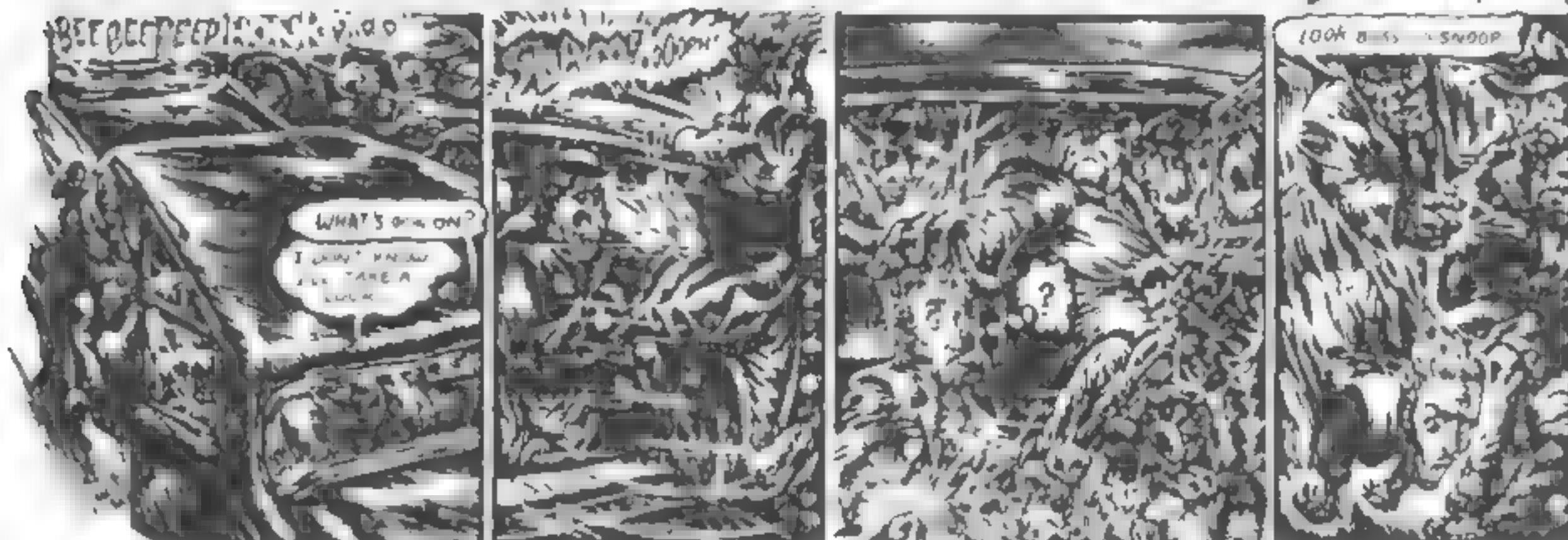




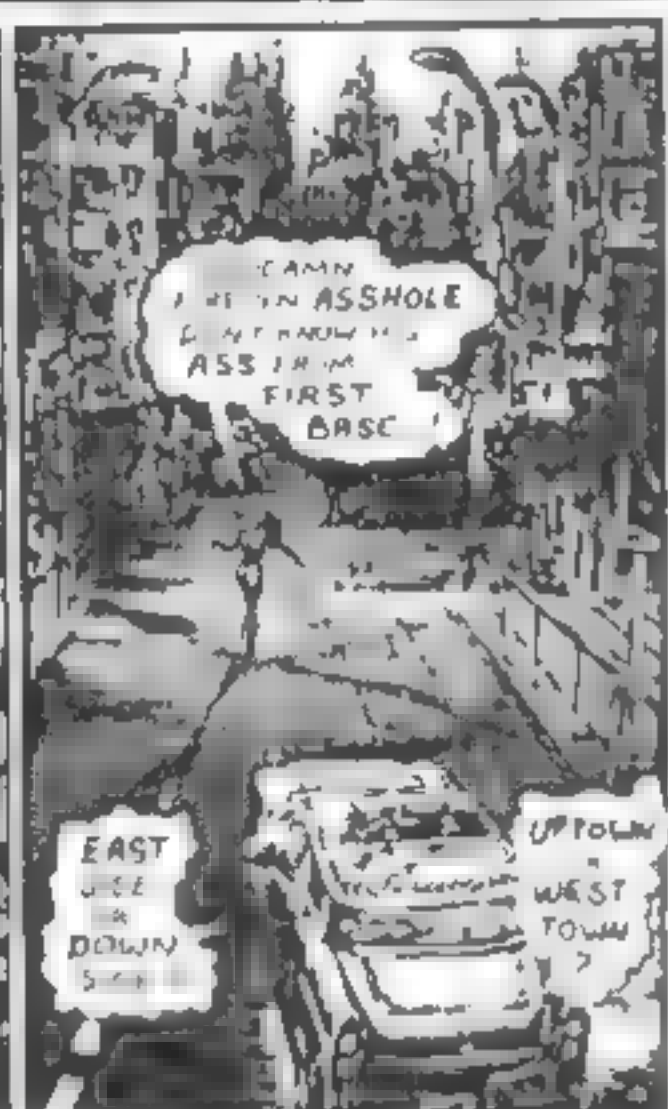
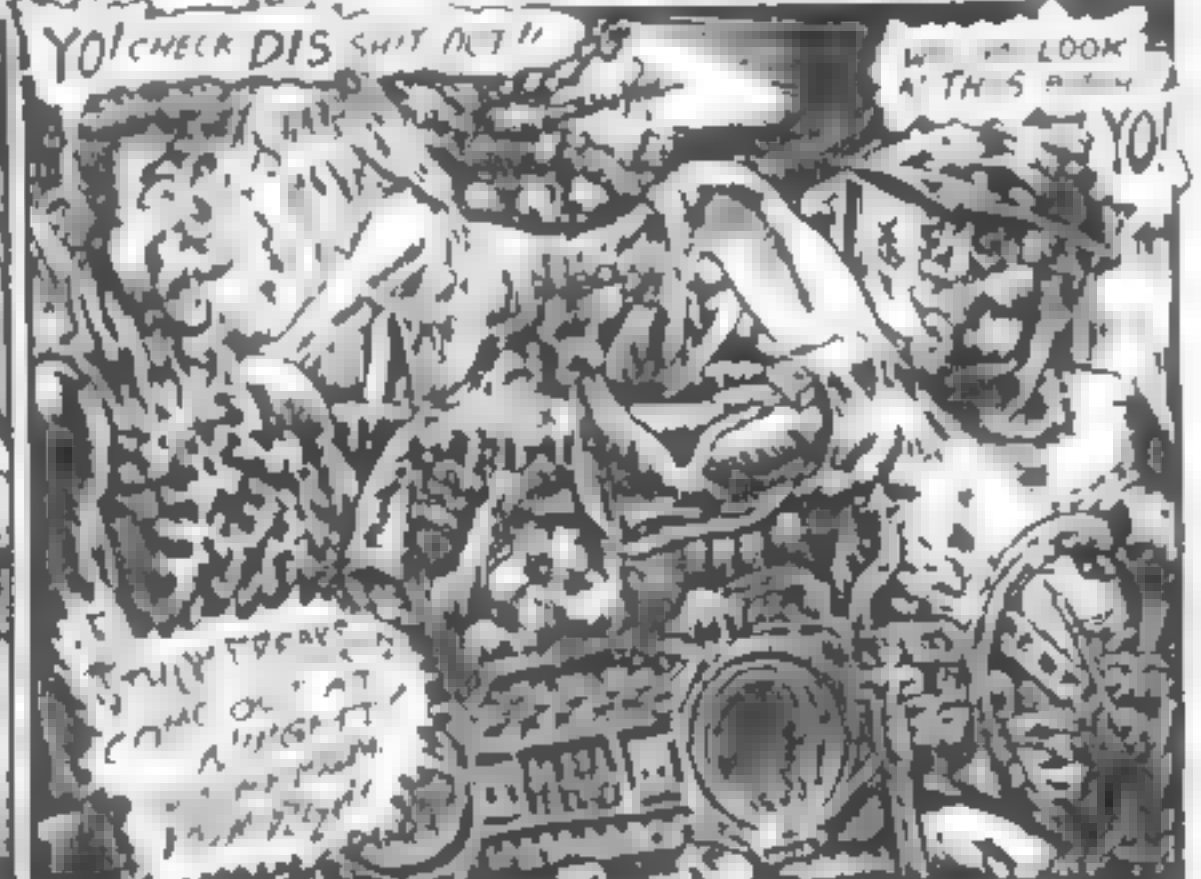
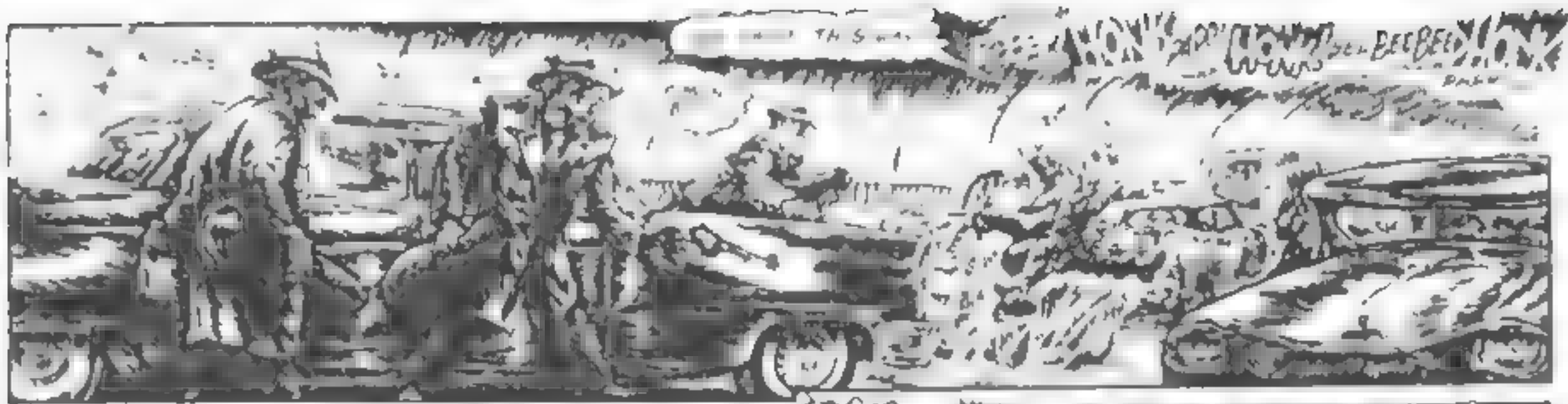




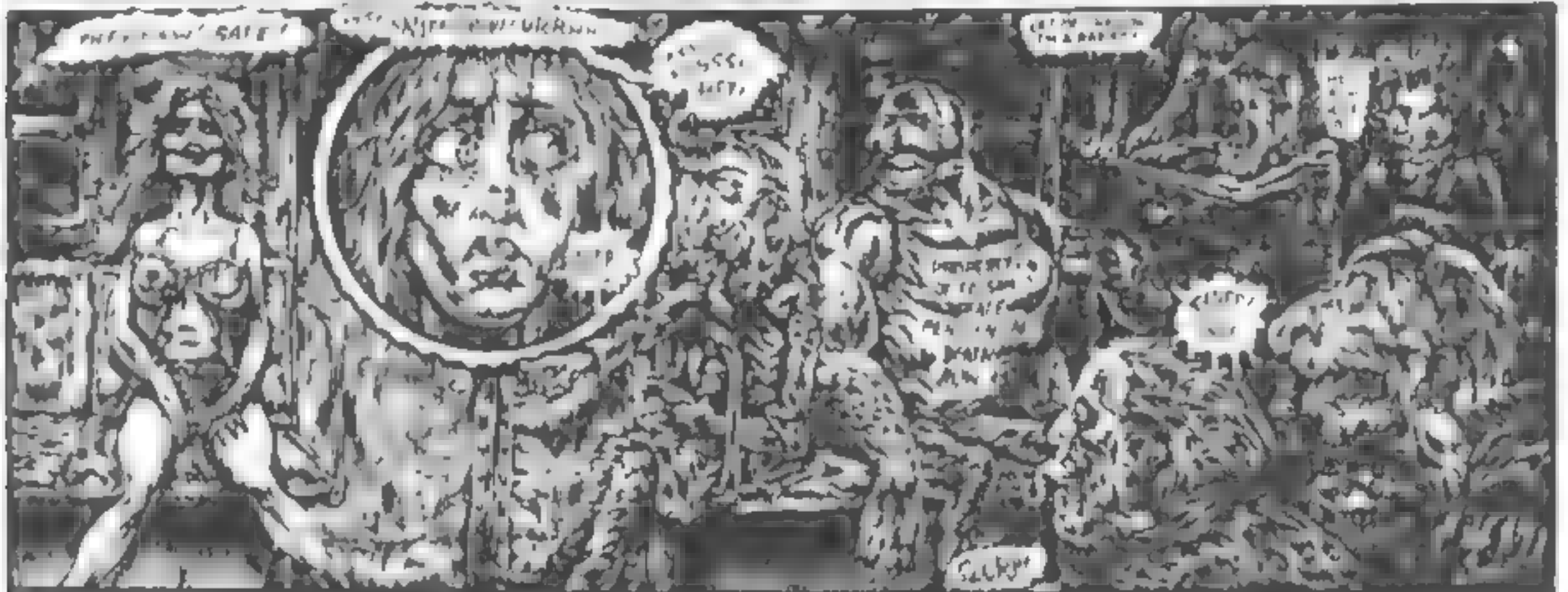




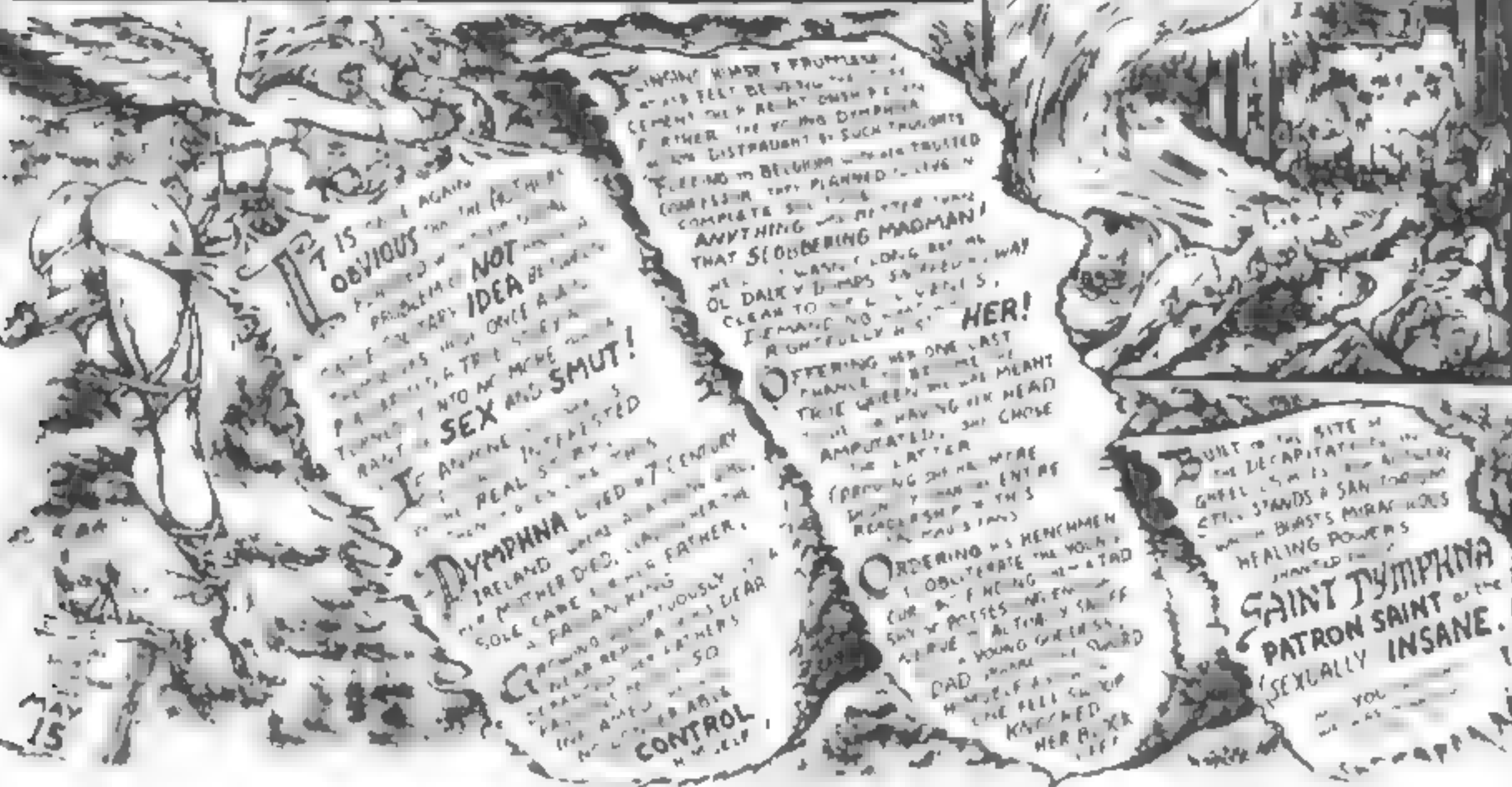
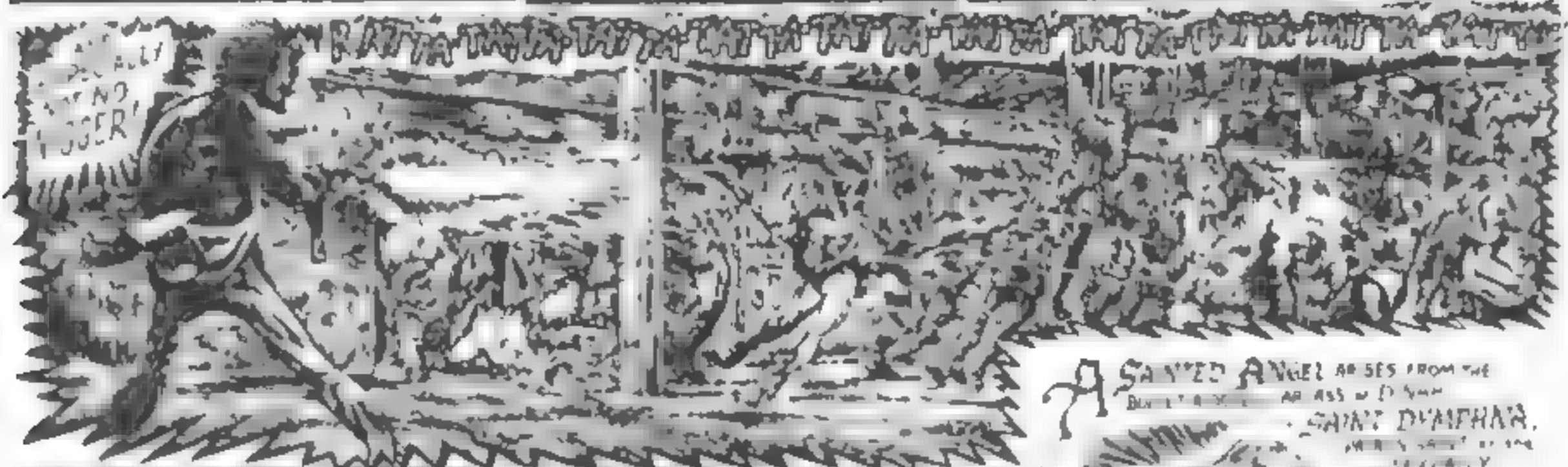
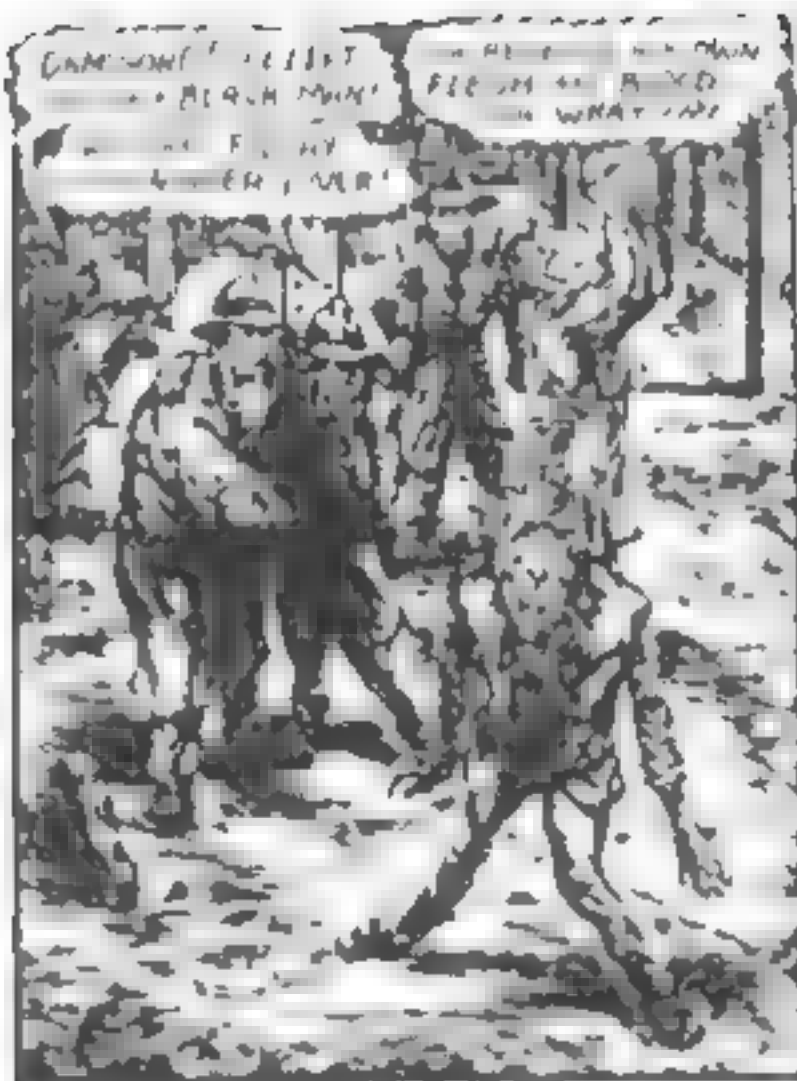














# DIVINE ANARCHY

DIVINE ANARCHY. SOUNDS LIKE THE NAME OF A BAND! NO, JUST THE NAME OF THIS STORY, WHICH OPENS IN A CHEESY NIGHT CLUB IN THE MISSION..

I EAT LEATHER  
I BE ROCKIN'  
I BE ROCKIN'

OOH! BILLY'S  
SO HOT!

TELL ME  
ABOUT IT!

STEVE LAFLER '87

AFTER THE SET...

I JUST LOVE YOUR  
VOICE, BILLY BOY!

HEY BILLY COULD I  
BUY YOU A BEER?

THAT SOB  
GETS ALL  
THE BABES!

BEFORE LONG, BACK AT  
BILLY'S FLAT.

A SENSIBLE SOUL MAY  
WONDER WHY GUYS LIKE  
BILLY ARE SO ATTRACTIVE  
TO WOMEN...

IN REALITY, THERE IS AN  
ANCIENT, DIVINE PRECE-  
DENT THAT HAS BEEN SET  
FOR THIS PHENOMENON!

HEY BABY  
WHAT'S SHAKIN'?  
KRŠNA HERE!  
IM GCL!



...GOD OF PLAYING DE FLUTE, THAT IS! BY MEANS OF MY FLUTE, I FILL MYSELF AND THE WHOLE UNIVERSE WITH BLISS!



THE CALL OF KRŠNA'S FLUTE CARES NOTHING FOR THIS WORLD AND ITS MORAL AND SOCIAL LAWS. IT COMES CRASHING IN UPON MAN AND CANNOT BE DENIED!



THE CALL OF THIS MAGIC FLUTE IS ANARCHICAL, BREAKING DOWN AND MOCKING RESISTANCE. KRŠNA'S FLUTE LURES THE GOATS, MARRIED, WORKING WOMAN OF HIS VILLAGE, TO FROLIC WITH HIM.



DESPITE THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES, THE GOATS ARE POWERLESS TO RESIST THE CALL OF KRŠNA'S FLUTE!



IT IS TIME, IT PROCLAIMS, TO JOIN KRŠNA'S SYMPHONY OF JOY, TO FROLIC IN THE FOREST, TO SCAMPER IN PLAY...



...TIME TO REALIZE EVERY DREAM THAT ONE HAS EVER DREAMED IN HIS WORLD OF INFINITE POSSIBILITY KRŠNA'S FLUTE INCITES THE WORLD TO DANCE, TO LOSE ITSELF IN SUPERFLUOUS RYTHYMS!

SO THERE IT IS... ROCK 'N ROLLERS ARE NOT BAD DUDES, THEY'RE JUST DIVINE ANARCHISTS, LIKE KRŠNA!



KRŠNA INFO FROM "The Sword and the Flute: Kali and Kṛṣṇa" BY DAVID KINSLEY, UNIV. OF CAL



# THE GØSPEL

ACCORDING TO FATHER PHLEM

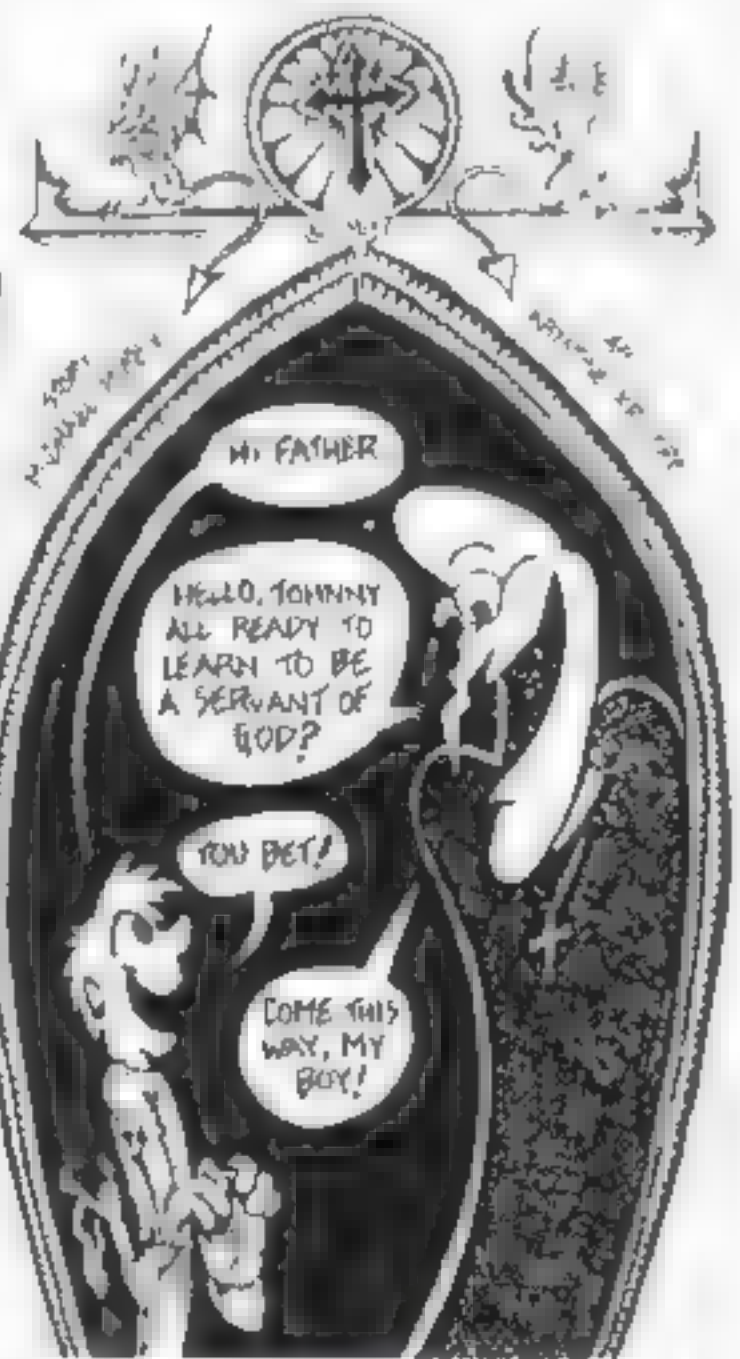
— OR —  
"CUM ALL YE FAITHFUL"

"And now, little children, abide in him: that when he shall appear, we may have our desire, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."  
JOHN 1: 28

JOHNNY WAS A SWEET 9 YEAR OLD BOY WHO WANTED TO BE AN ALTAR BOY.



HE HAD TO MEET WITH HIS FAMILY'S PARISH PRIEST, FATHER PHLEM, FOR HIS FIRST INDOCTRINATION LESSON.



HI FATHER

HELLO, JOHNNY  
ALL READY TO  
LEARN TO BE  
A SERVANT OF  
GOD?

YOU BET!

COME THIS  
WAY, MY  
BOY!



FATHER PHLEM TOOK JOHNNY INTO THE DARK, MASSIVE CHURCH - PAST THE PEWS, PAST THE CANDLES, PAST THE ALTAR, INTO A SPECIAL DRESSING ROOM



HAVE YOU BEEN READING YOUR BIBLE, JOHNNY?

OH YES FATHER

GOOD! THE FIRST  
THING IN BEING  
GOD'S LITTLE HELPER  
IS THAT YOU HAVE TO  
PRESS THE RIGHT WAY

LET ME  
READ TO  
YOU FROM  
THE OLD  
TESTAMENT  
LEVITICUS  
16.4 -

"He shall put on the holy linen and he shall be girded with a linen girdle. These are holy garments, therefore shall he wash his flesh in water and so put them on."

DO YOU RECALL THAT  
PASSAGE JOHNNY?

WELL... NO...  
NOT REALLY

ALL RIGHT SO OFF  
WITH YOUR CLOTHES  
WE HAVE TO WASH  
YOU IN HOLY WATER  
TO PURIFY YOU.



JOHNNY TRUSTING FATHER PHEM COMPLETELY, TAKES OFF ALL HIS CLOTHES.

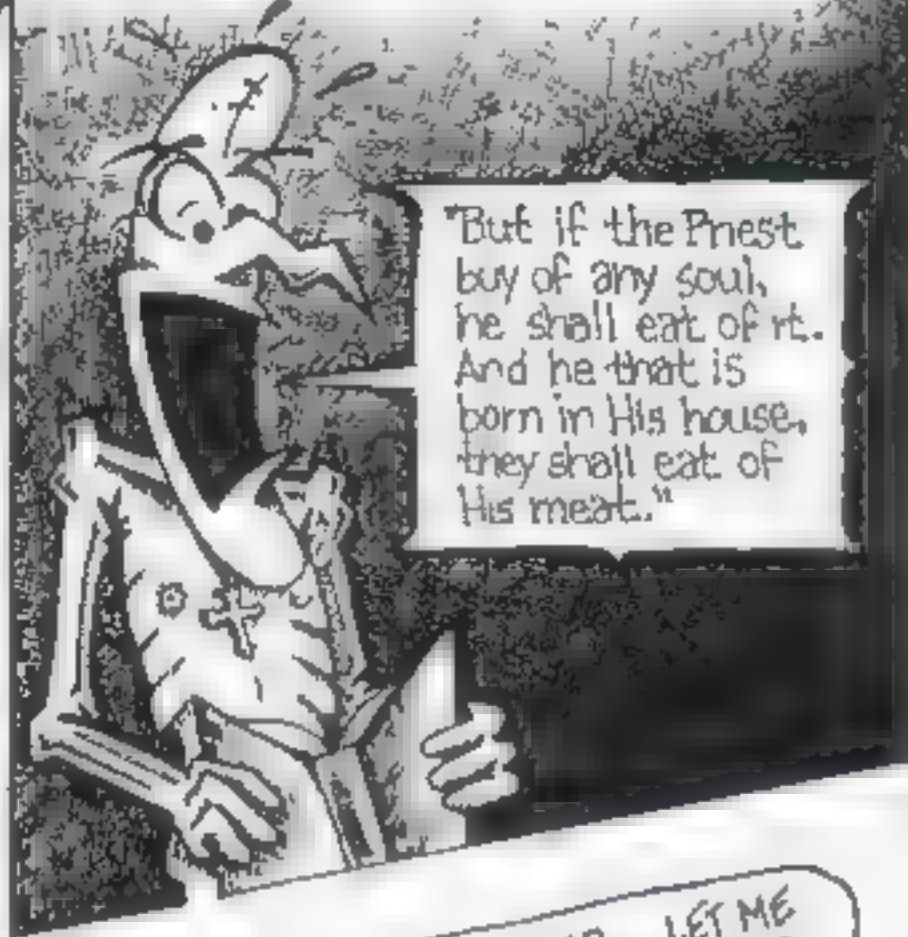


FATHER PHEM QUICKLY UN-DRESSES HIMSELF AND...

BOTH COMPLETELY NAKED, FATHER PHEM TAKES JOHNNY TO THE HOLY WATER FOUNTAIN AND STARTS WASHING JOHNNY'S INNOCENT BODY.



AS HE GETS TO JOHNNY'S CROTCH, HE AGAIN QUOTES FROM LEVITICUS 22:11-



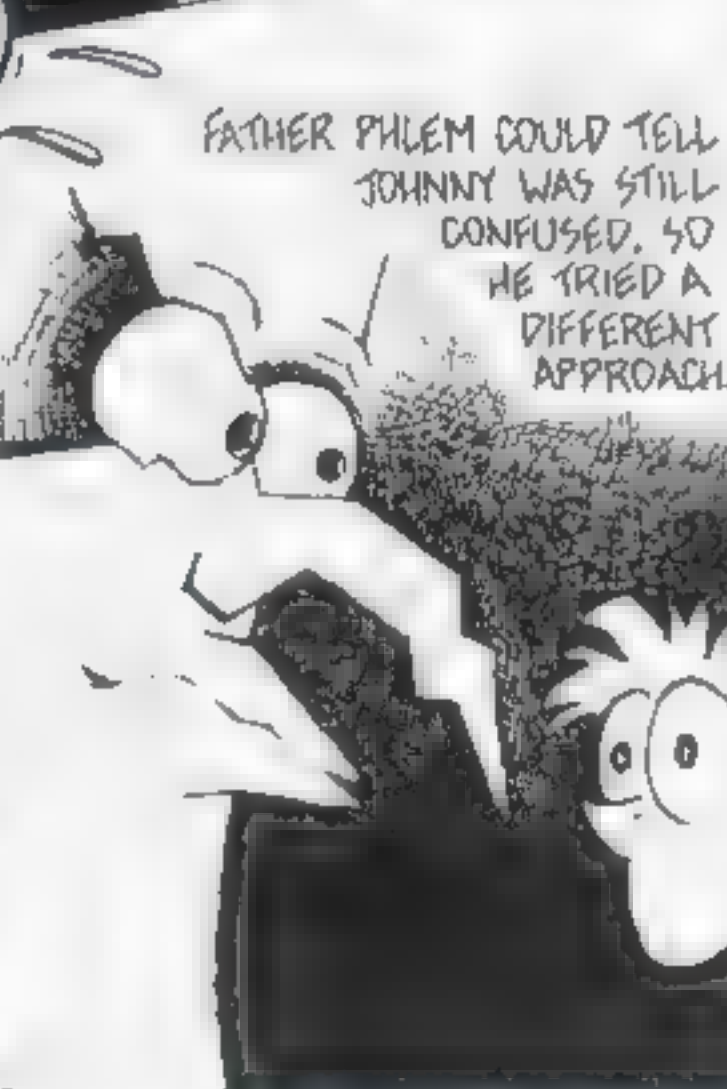
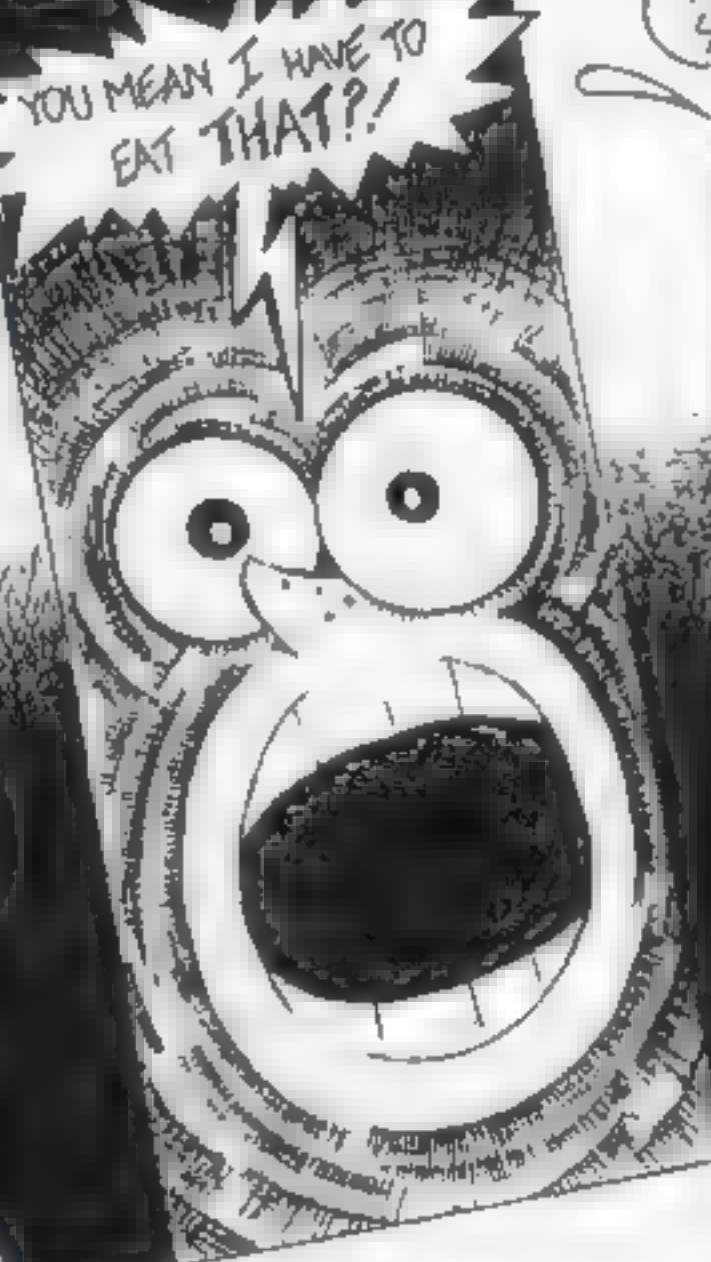
"But if the Priest buy of any soul, he shall eat of it. And he that is born in His house, they shall eat of His meat."

NOT "EAT IT" MY YOUNG, NAIVE LAD... LET ME SHOW YOU... FOR INSTANCE IN NUMBERS 18 10-



"In the most Holy place shalt thou eat it, every male shall eat it. It shall be most Holy unto thee."

FATHER PHEM WAS NOW WASHING HIS OWN CROTCH AND SHOWED JOHNNY WHAT THE LORD MEANT BY MEAT



FATHER PHEM COULD TELL JOHNNY WAS STILL CONFUSED, SO HE TRIED A DIFFERENT APPROACH.

AGAIN HE QUOTES FROM LEVITICUS 14 15-



"And the Priest shall take some of the log of oil and pour it into the palm of his left hand."

YOU SEE JOHNNY, THIS IS WHAT BEING CLOSE TO GOD IS ALL ABOUT!



THEN HE FILLED HIS OWN LEFT HAND.

FATHER PHLEM!  
I'VE GOT TO  
SEE YOU!

**KNOCK!  
KNOCK!  
KNOCK!**

IT WAS BROTHER BOYLE,  
THE BENEDICTINE MONK.

FATHER, I'VE GOT  
THESE BOILS ALL  
OVER MY BODY!

YOUR LUCKY DAY! YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN A LOT ON YOUR FIRST PAY. SEE THE BROTHER'S BOILS, YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED ONE WAY TO EAT OF THE FLESH, AND THIS IS ANOTHER WAY.

"And in the place of the boil there, be a white rising or a bright spot, white and somewhat reddish, and it be shewed to the Priest."

WITH THAT, WE KNELT DOWN,  
PICKED OUT A BIG JUICY BOIL...

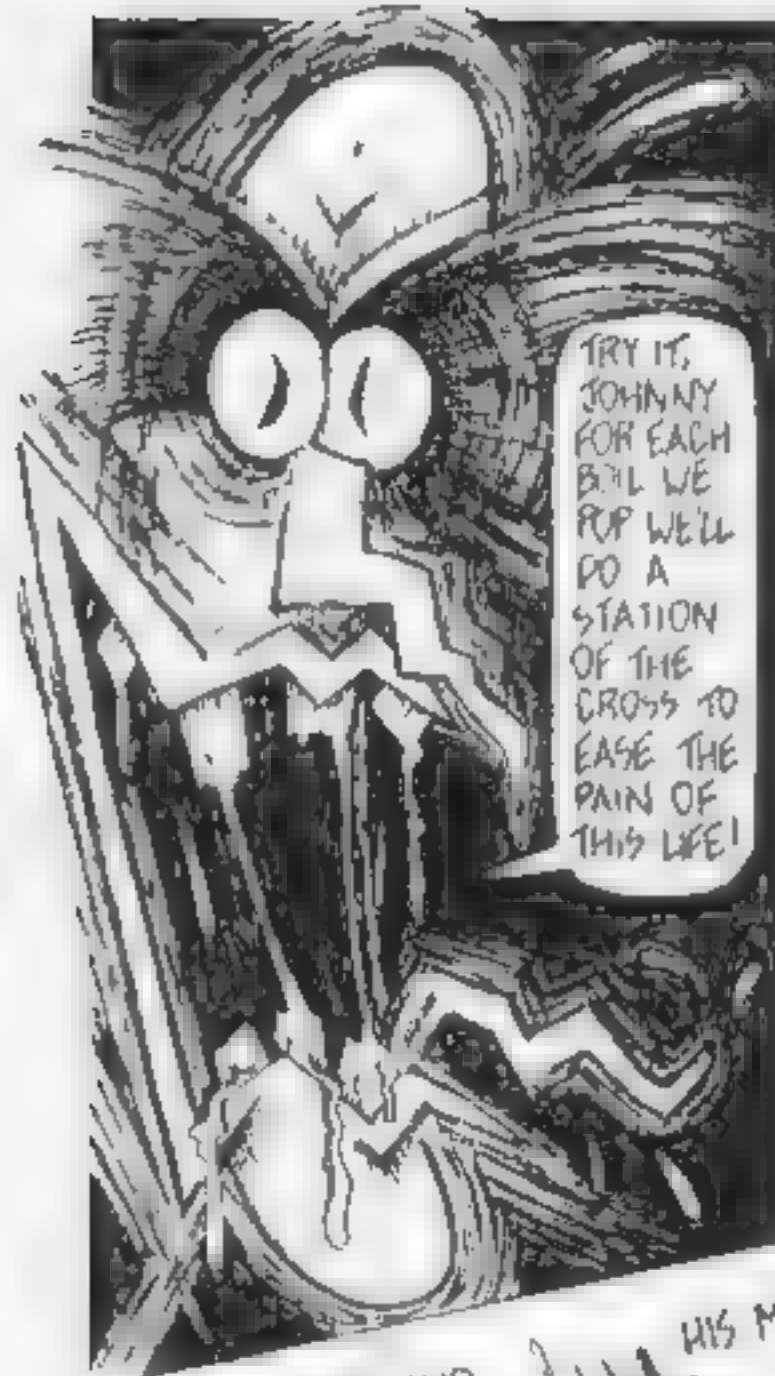
AND GNAWED  
BIT AND GNAWED  
AND SUCKED

GNAR  
CHEW  
AND S  
BIT AN  
CLICK

HAND  
 JAWED  
 CHEWED  
 BIT AND  
 LICKED  
 AND  
 JAWED  
 LICKED AND  
 CHEWED

UNTIL IT BROKE,  
AND HE SUCKED IT UP!





TRY IT, JOHNNY FOR EACH BOIL WE POP WE'LL DO A STATION OF THE CROSS TO EASE THE PAIN OF THIS LIFE!

JOHNNY LIKED PLAYING WITH HIMSELF, BUT THOUGHT FATHER PHEM WAS OFF HIS KOLKER!



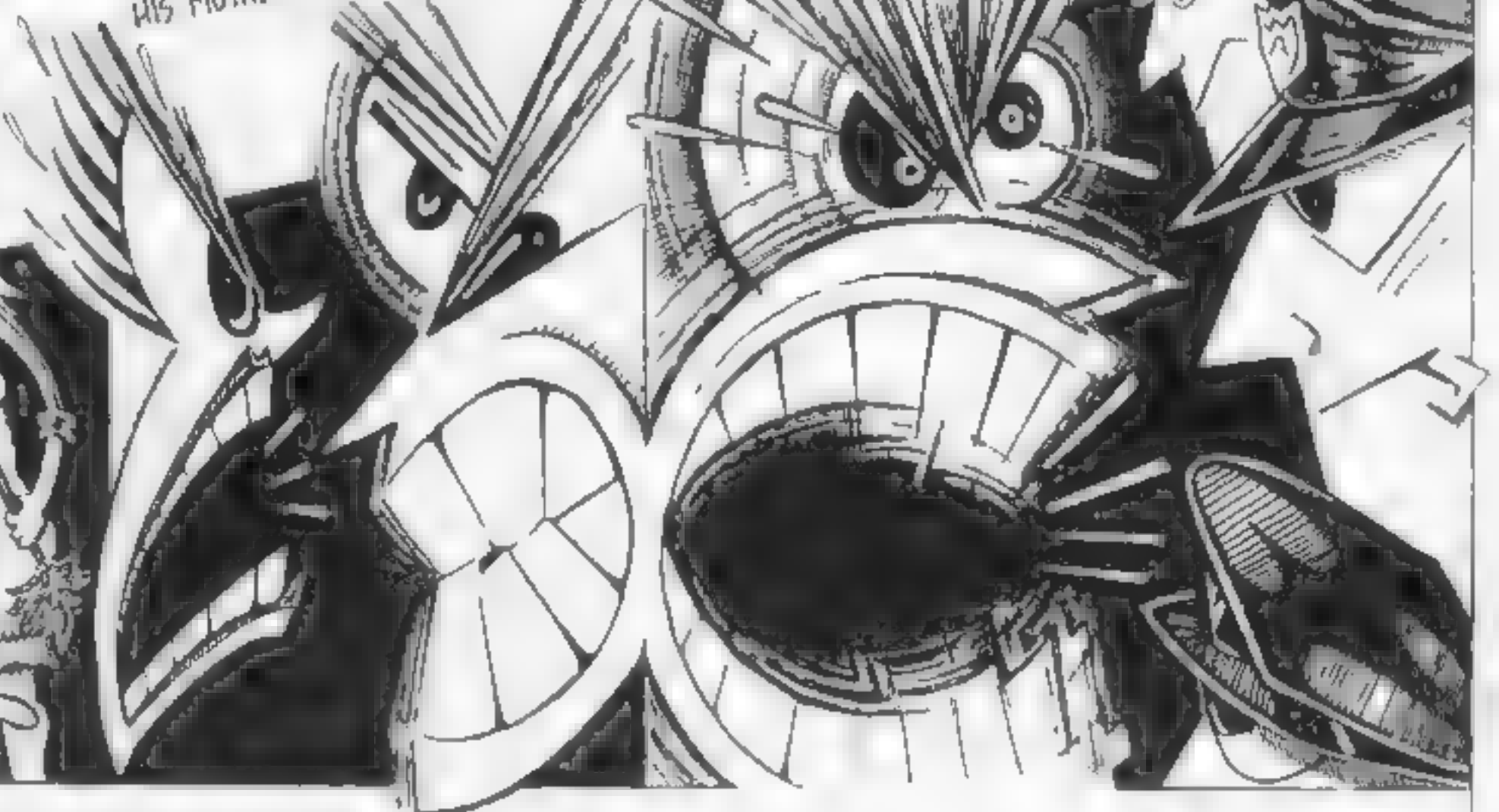
SO AS FATHER PHEM WAS BUSY SUCKING PUS FROM BOILS, JOHNNY GOT HIS CLOTHES AND GOT THE HELL OUT!



HE WENT HOME AND TOLD HIS MOTHER

HIS MOTHER TOLD HIS FATHER

HIS FATHER TOLD THE POLICE



FATHER PHEM IS NOW SERVING TIME IN A STATE MENTAL FACILITY FOR WAYWARD PRIESTS.



JOHNNY STILL REMEMBERS HIS TEACHINGS



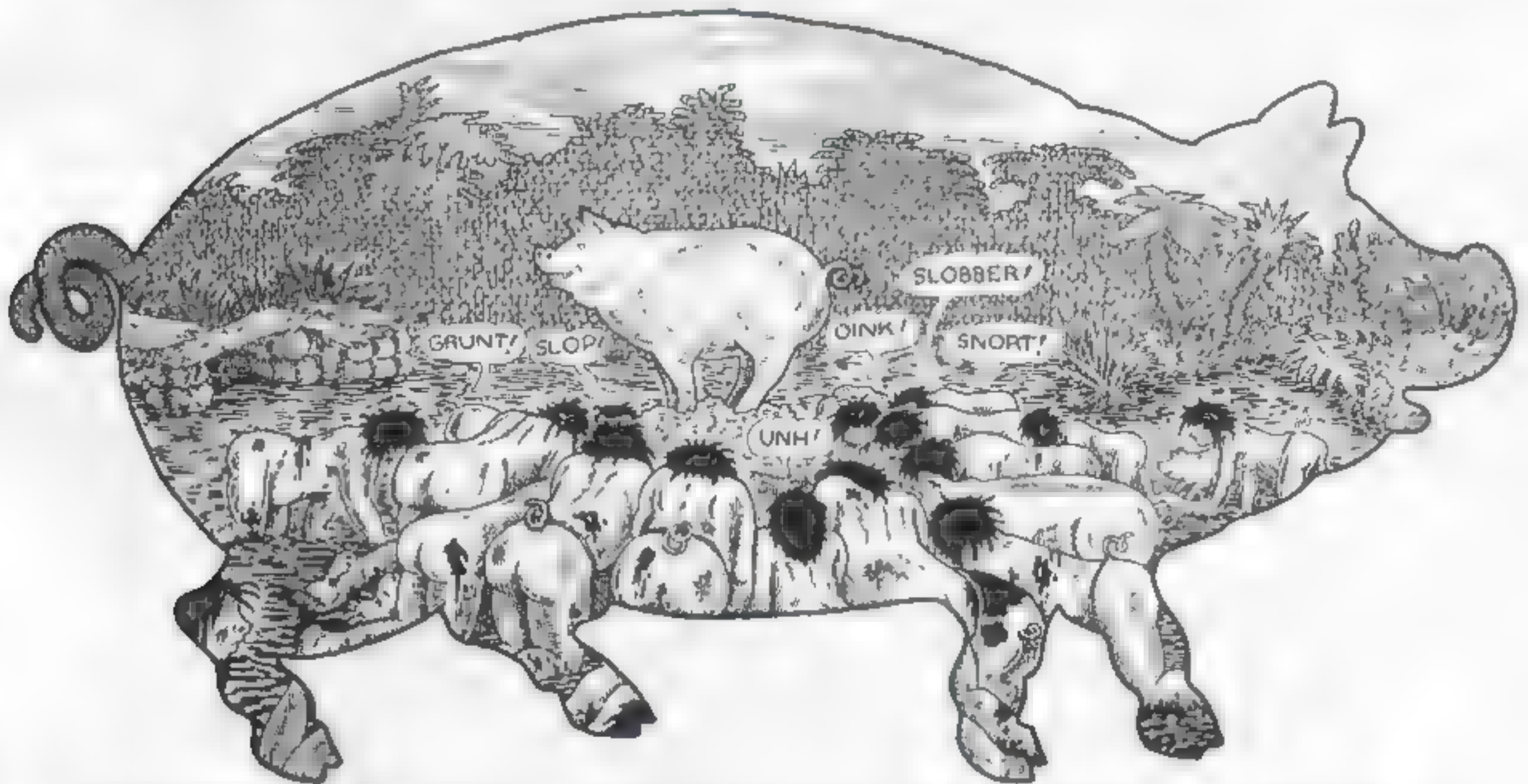
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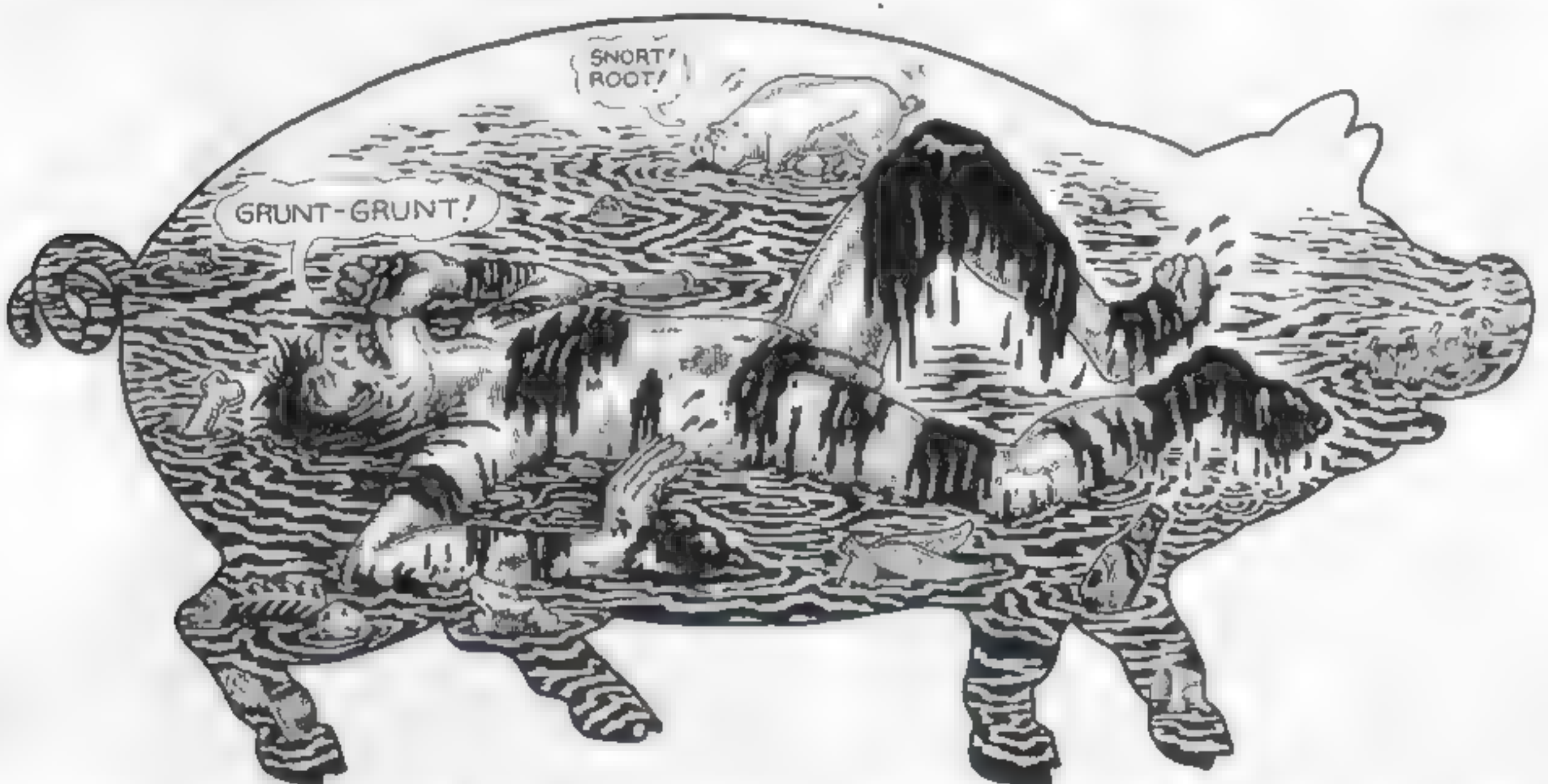
# THE PIG PEOPLE

©1987 DORI SEDA

MYTHS OF HALF HUMAN MONSTERS, THE PIG PEOPLE, FRIGHTEN EVEN HEADHUNTERS AND CANNIBALS IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF PARAGUAY.



JAPANESE ANTHROPOLOGIST, SURO WATANABE, HAS RISKED HIS LIFE TO STUDY THEIR BIZARRE CULTURE, AND HAS FOUND THEIR SEXUAL CUSTOMS TO BE ESPECIALLY DISGUSTING.



PIG-LIKE BEHAVIOR AND APPEARANCE ARE CONSIDERED ATTRACTIVE FOR MEN. YOUNG WARRIORS, WHO WANT TO PICK UP GIRLS, WILL FIRST ROLL AROUND IN THE MUD AND GARBAGE, MUCH AS MODERN MAN WOULD TAKE A SHOWER.



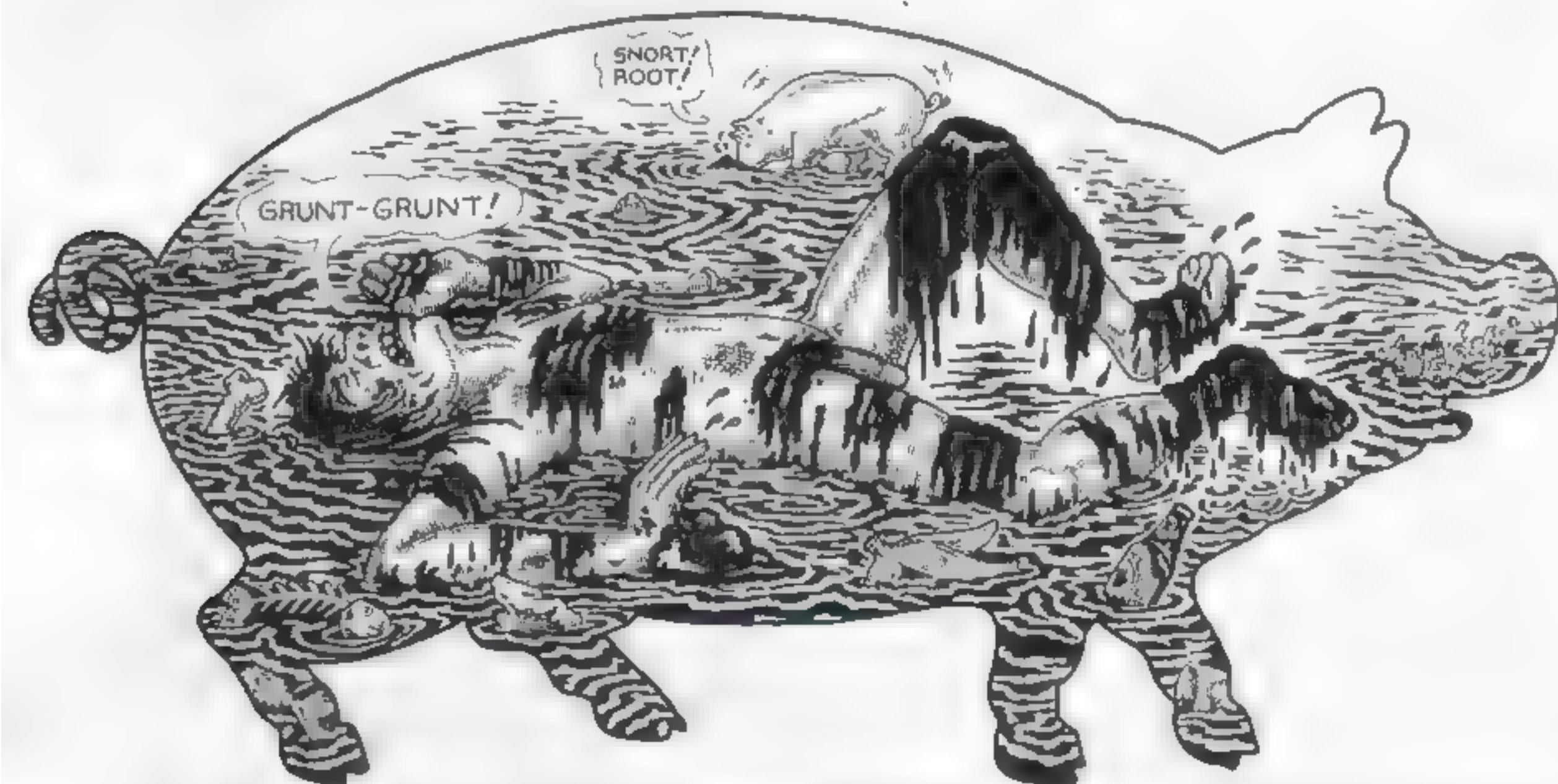
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©1987 DORI SEDA

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# OF PARAGUAY

CAREFULLY RESEARCHED FROM THE WEEKLY WORLD NEWS

THE MOST DESIRABLE FEMALES ARE FAT, AND YOUNG GIRLS ARE ENCOURAGED TO WEAR A DEVICE AROUND THEIR NECKS, THAT PULLS BACK ON THEIR NOSTRILS, TO MAKE THEIR NOSES APPEAR SNOUT-LIKE.



WHEN A VILLAGE MAN WANTS TO COMPLIMENT A WOMAN ON HER LOOKS, HE'LL UTTER A PHRASE THAT LOOSELY TRANSLATED, MEANS, "YOU'RE A REAL PORKER!!"



THE PIG PEOPLE LIKE TO FUCK IN MUD OR SEWAGE. FOREPLAY CONSISTS OF THE MALE ACTUALLY GRUNTING AND SNORTING ABOUT THE FEMALE'S BUTT, IN A REPULSIVE, SWINE-LIKE MANNER, JUST LIKE A BULL HOG DOES WITH HIS MATE.....YUCK!!!



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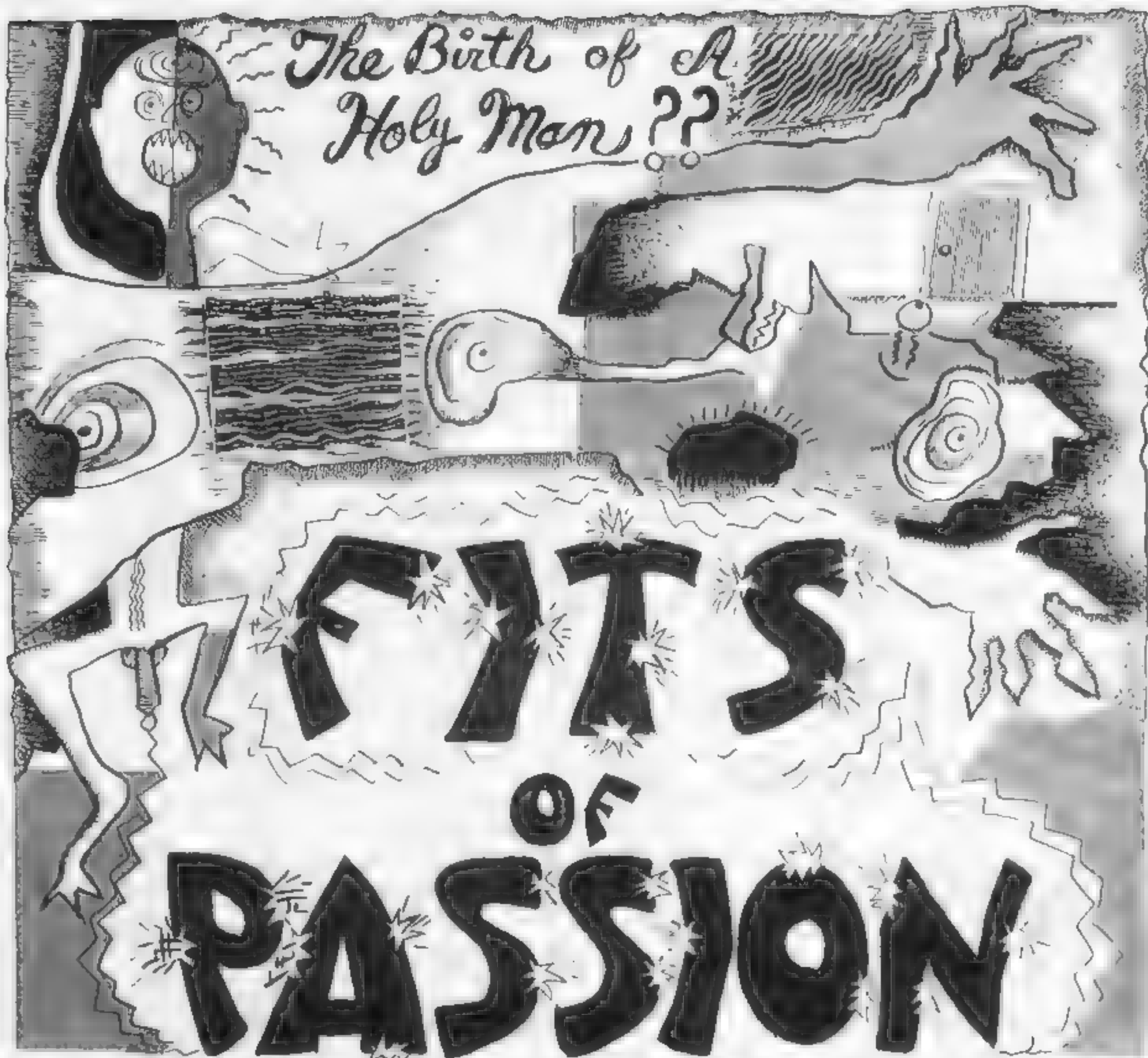


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UNTIL AGE 12 HE WAS A NORMAL KID HE LOOKED LIKE A YOUNG ROBERT KENNEDY

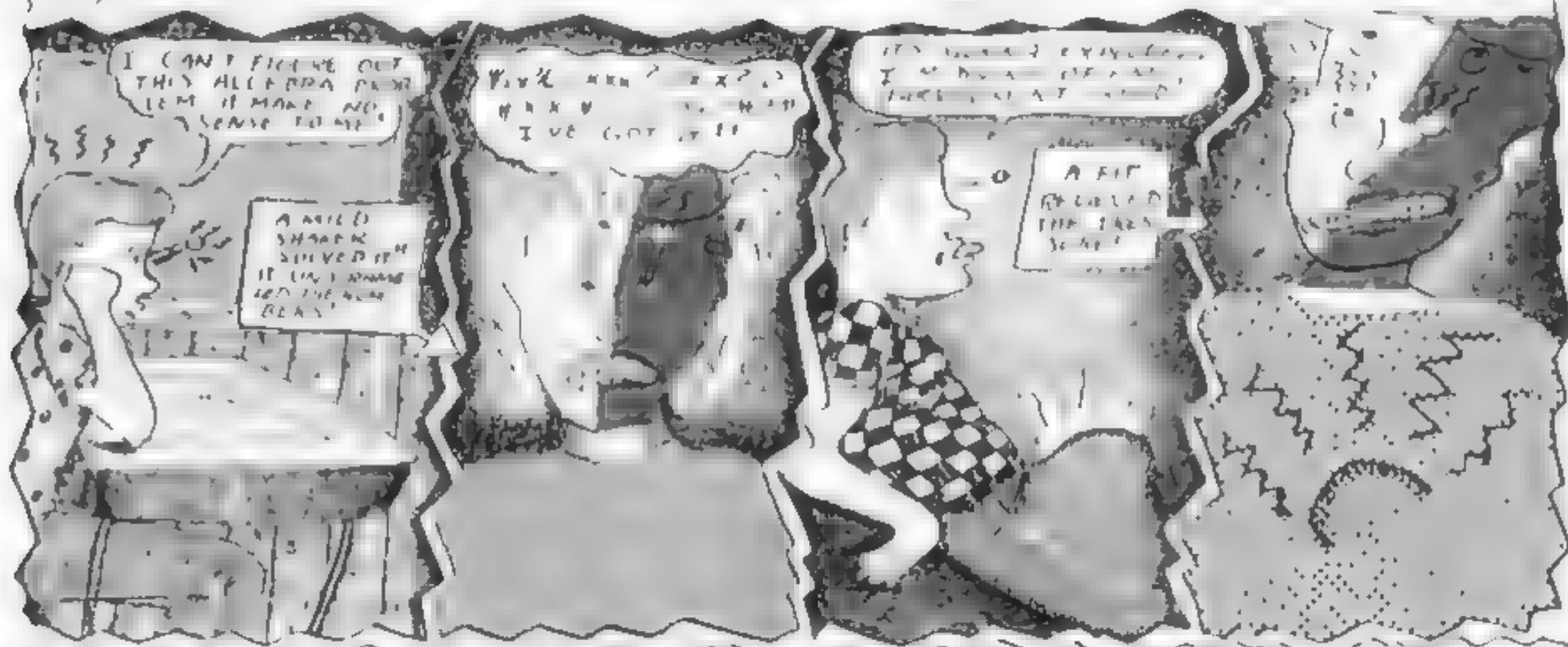


THEN HE HAD HIS FIRST SEIZURE. IT KIND OF SHOOK HIM UP!!





HE MANAGED TO REINTER HIS GOOD OLD BOY IMAGE THAT HAD A NEW LIFE HE HAD TWO ALICE VILAINS



YEARS LATER DURING THE 60'S HE HAD A 16 MONTHS HE PLAYED

THEY APPEARED TO BE A TRANCE HAPPY COUPLE...



BUT ON ONE LSD TRIP SOMETHING HAPPENED

THE TRIP WAS POWERFUL... IT COMPELLED HIM TO DO MANY THINGS...





WHEN HE BECAME AROUSED HE FELT IT IN HIS  
OUT. THEN HE'D HAVE A FIT AND WHEN IT WAS  
OVER HE FELT CALM... THIS LED TO NEW KINDS  
OF PHYSICAL MORTIFICATION...

I MUST FAST  
FOR 30 DAYS

(APRIL 11)  
1966



HIS WIFE AND MOTHER FOUND HIM ALMOST DEAD  
HE SAID HE FELT GREAT

I SAW HIM DURING THIS PERIOD & I WAS  
HORRIFIED

WHAT IS THAT  
THING COMING OUT  
OF YOUR MOUTH?

IT'S A TRIP  
IT'S A NUMBER

HERE IS  
A HOLY  
ARTIFACT

YUCK!



AFTER THIS RAG HAD PASSED THRU HIS BODY HE  
BOILED IT ROLLED IT UP & TRIED TO GIVE IT TO ME

HE CLAIMED THAT ABSTINENCE FROM MEAT WAS FORGIVING  
HIM TO GOOSE WOMEN ON THE STREET...  
THEY HAD TO BE SMALL & ORIENTAL...



HE WAS AN EXPERT AT SNEAKING  
THEM WITHOUT BEING NOTICED.

HE WENT ON TO SAY  
IN FARTHER

IT SAID THEY  
SWALLOW A  
CLOTH & PULL  
IT OUT TO  
CLEANSE  
THE ESOPH-  
AGUS

I'LL SWALLOW THIS  
RAG & LET IT COME  
OUT MY ASSHOLE  
THEN IT WILL CLEANSE  
MY WHOLE BODY

HE GAVE HIMSELF A  
STRANGE EXERCISE ROUTINE



HE BEGAN DOING THIS REGULARLY...

HE STARTED CHIEF IN THE LATE 1960S  
AND THERE HE WAS... HE WAS GETTING READY TO  
STAY AS I WAS GETTING READY TO STAY

OH MY GHOOD TH... HE  
S... I'M SO MORTIFIED

AGAIN

I DON'T THINK HE NOTICED  
ME, THO HE SEEMS TO  
BE IN SOME KIND OF  
TRANCE



DOESN'T HE UNDERSTAND THAT I'M ABOUT TO  
ENTER A HOLY PERIOD & HAVE A VERY A LITTLE

HE NEEDED TO SEE THE FEAR IN HER FACE

I CHOSE YOU

HEAT  
YA... R... I...



PERVER!



THEN... FIT... ORGASM... AND FINALLY PEACE ???



HIS ONLY NORMAL CONTACT... HIS BROTHER, WARNED HIM ABOUT HIS BEHAVIOR.

OI VEH!

YOU'VE GOT TO STOP MOLESTING WOMEN. YOU'RE GONNA END UP IN JAIL OR WORSE!

THE TRIP MADE ME DO IT

I'M TELLING YOU PEOPLE WITH TERRIBLE SOLOGRAPH BEHAVIOR

AND SWALLOWING THAT RAW'S GUNNA KILL YOU!

YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THE TRIP... YOU CAN'T... YOU'RE A MEATEATER!

I'M THE ONLY TRUE VEGETARIAN IN THE WEST!!

HE AGREED TO SEE A SHRINK REGULARLY + STOP ATTACKING WOMEN.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW FIRST THAT I AM THE HONEST MAN IN THE WEST!

THIS IS THE MOST PARANOID ILLUSIONARY RELIGION I'VE SEEN THIS WEEK!

OH THAT RIGHT?

WELL CAN YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT IT?

YOU REALLY WANT TO HEAR THIS?

OF COURSE I DO NOW!

THIS DIALOGUE ACTUALLY HELPED HIM. HE FOUND A NEW GIRLFRIEND...

HE WAS ARRESTED + THEY PUT HIM IN THE HOSPITAL. THEY HEAVILY SEDATED HIM....



THIS FOOD WILL KILL ME... I HAF TO GET OUT!

SHE COULD DIG HIS TRIP.....

SHE HAD HER OWN.....

SHE "RECYCLED" HER OWN EXCREMENT..... THAT'S RIGHT.... SHE WAS A "SHIT EATER."

SHE HAD MANY STRANGE RITUALS + EXPLANATIONS FOR THIS SICK BEHAVIOR!

CONSISTENCY OF CHOCOLATE PUDDING DUE TO FREQUENT RECYCLING

BRIEF P.R.T.Y! I AM THE HOLIEST WOMAN IN THE WEST!



WATCHING HER EAT SHIT CAUSED HIM TO HAVE A REAL BIG FIT

EATING HER SHIT MADE HER COME

The Holiest Couple in the West!

END



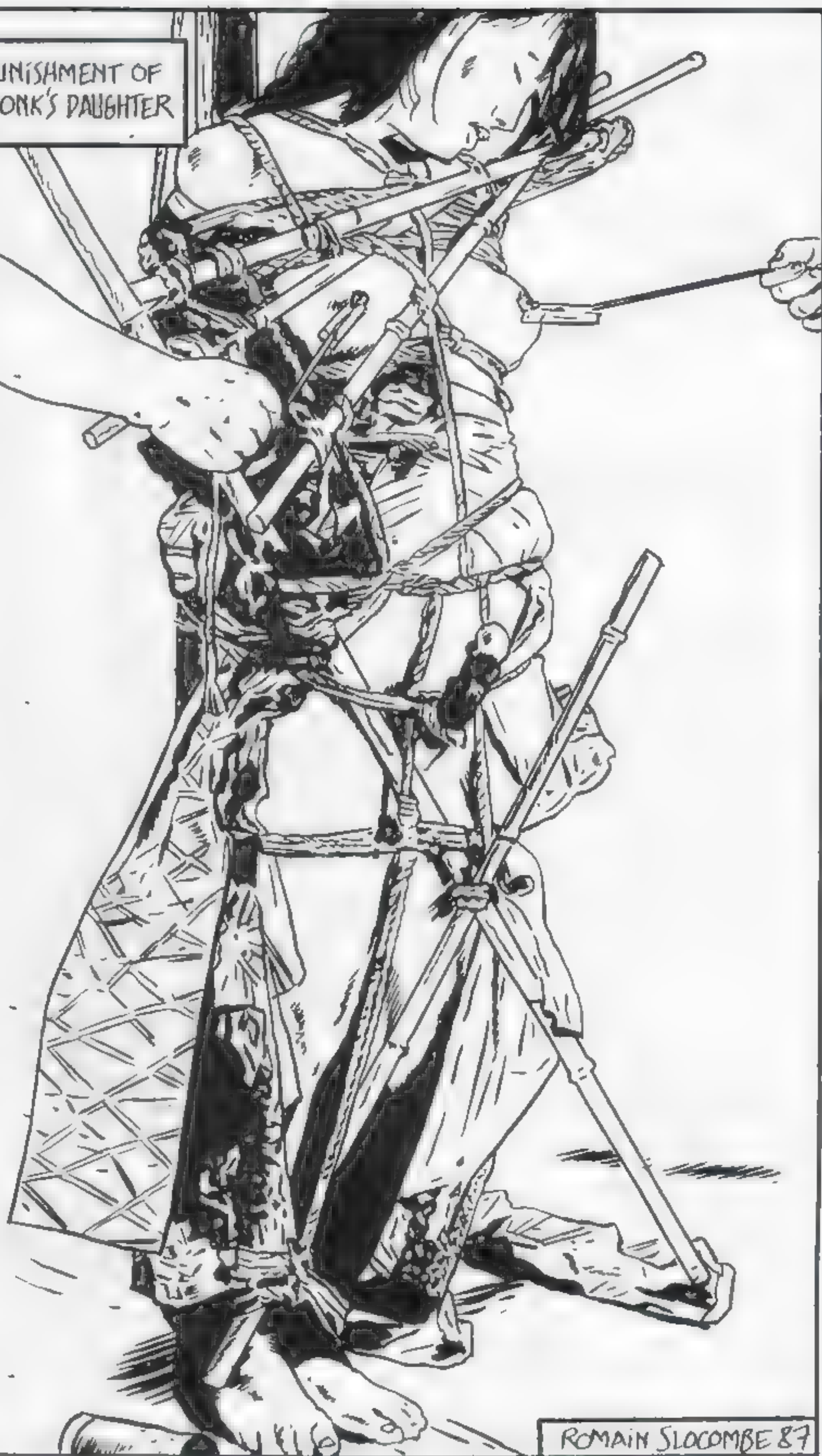
THE BEAUTIFUL NUN,  
AND THE MAD MONK  
OF TAGATA TEMPLE



ROMAIN SLOCOMBE



THE PUNISHMENT OF  
THE MONK'S DAUGHTER



ROMAIN SLOCOMBE 87



# SAINT AGNES

by JOE SACKO  
© 1987

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER MANY SUITORS AGNES HAD RESOLVED HERSELF TO A LIFE OF SEXUAL ABSTINENCE CONSECRATING HER VIRGINITY TO JESUS



EVEN AS A CHILD AGNES WAS A THING OF INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY THE OBJECT OF MANY A ROMAN'S DESIRE



IT WAS NOT A POPULAR ARRANGEMENT



CONSEQUENTLY, SOMEONE LET SLIP THAT AGNES WAS A CHRISTIAN

THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF EMPEROR DIOCLETIAN'S CHRISTIAN PERSECUTIONS AND AGNES WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE GOVERNOR TO FACE THE CHARGES. HOWEVER HIS THREATS OF TORTURE DID NOT INTIMIDATE THE RESOLUTE AGNES



DISGUSTED THE GOVERNOR COMMITTED HER TO A HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION IN ROME. AGNES WAS ONLY 13





NEWS OF AGNES' BEAUTY HAD PRECEDED HER AND SCORES OF ROMANS -- SOLDIERS CITIZENS AND EVEN SENATORS - LINED UP TO SAMPLE HER UNDEFILED CHARMS



AGNES' SUDDEN BODY HAIR GROWTH RENDERED HER UNSUITABLE FOR WORK IN THE BROTHEL SHE WAS RETURNED TO THE GOVERNOR WHO ORDERED HER BEHEADED

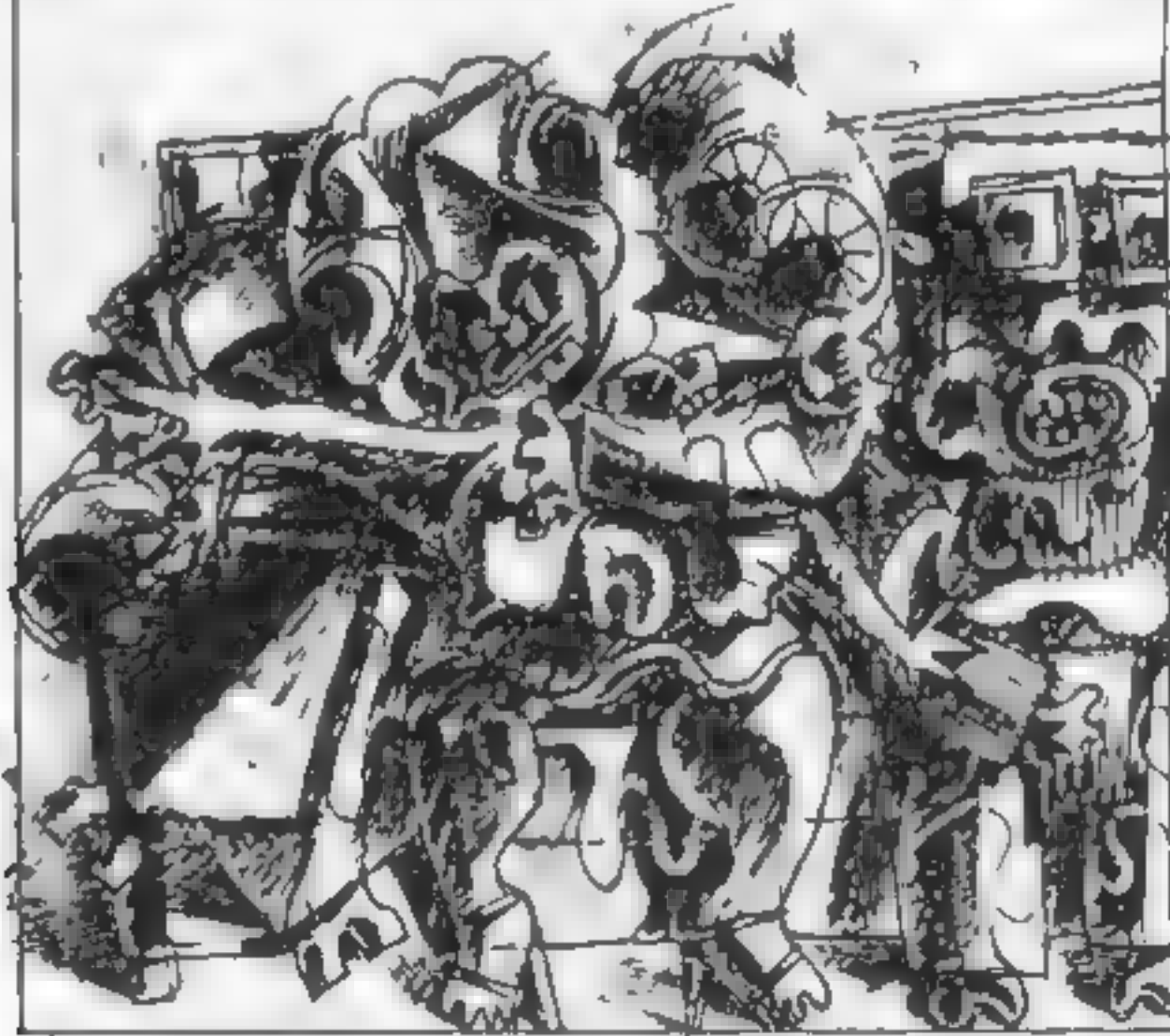


WE REMEMBER SAINT AGNES AND HER TRIUMPH OF PURITY ON JAN 21

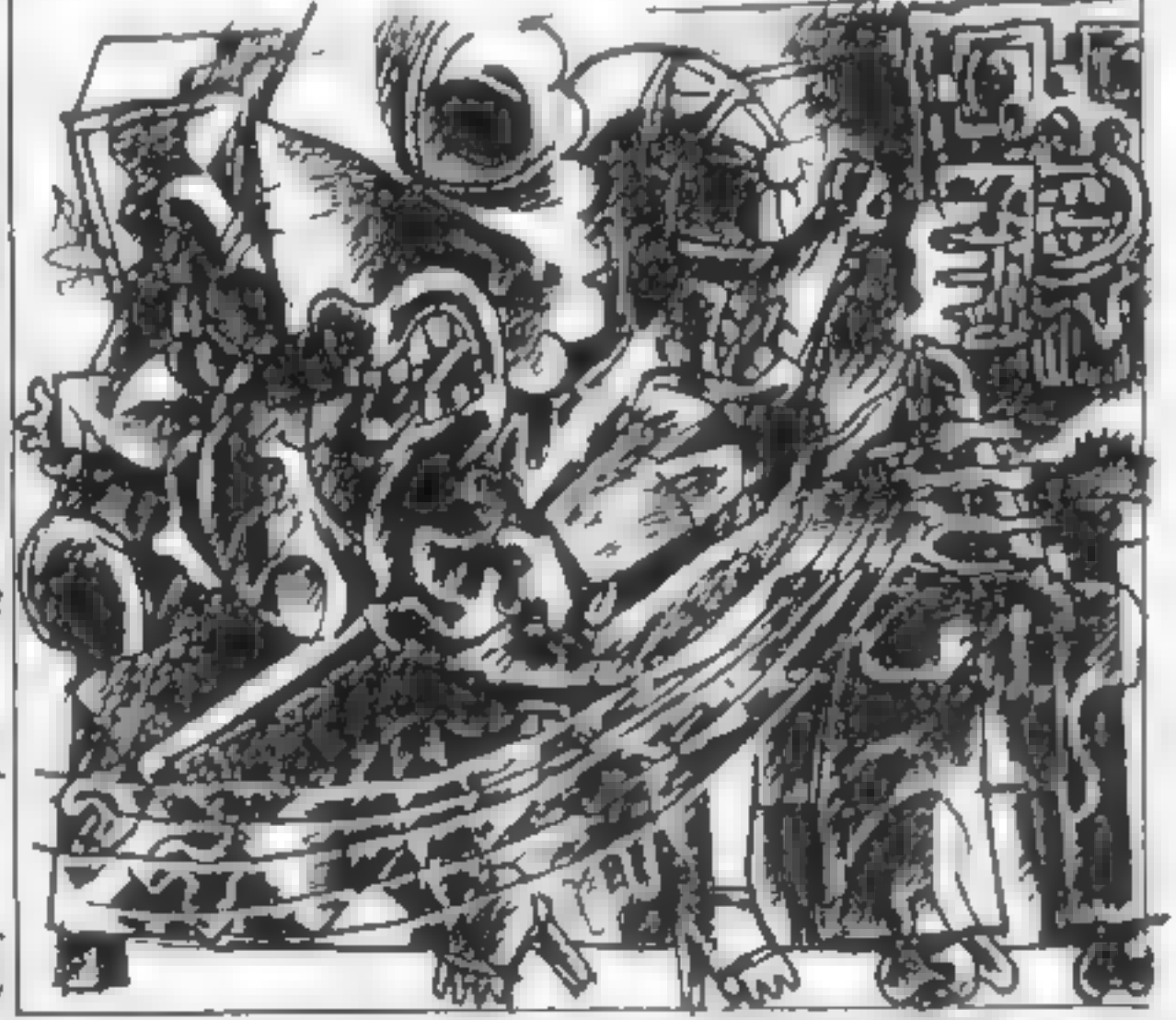


# Ecclesiasticus 9,1-9

do not be jealous About the wife you cherish,



be afraid she learns to behave ill towards you



Do Not confide in a  
WOMAN



So much so she Has  
a dominion over you



do not go on ahead a courtesan

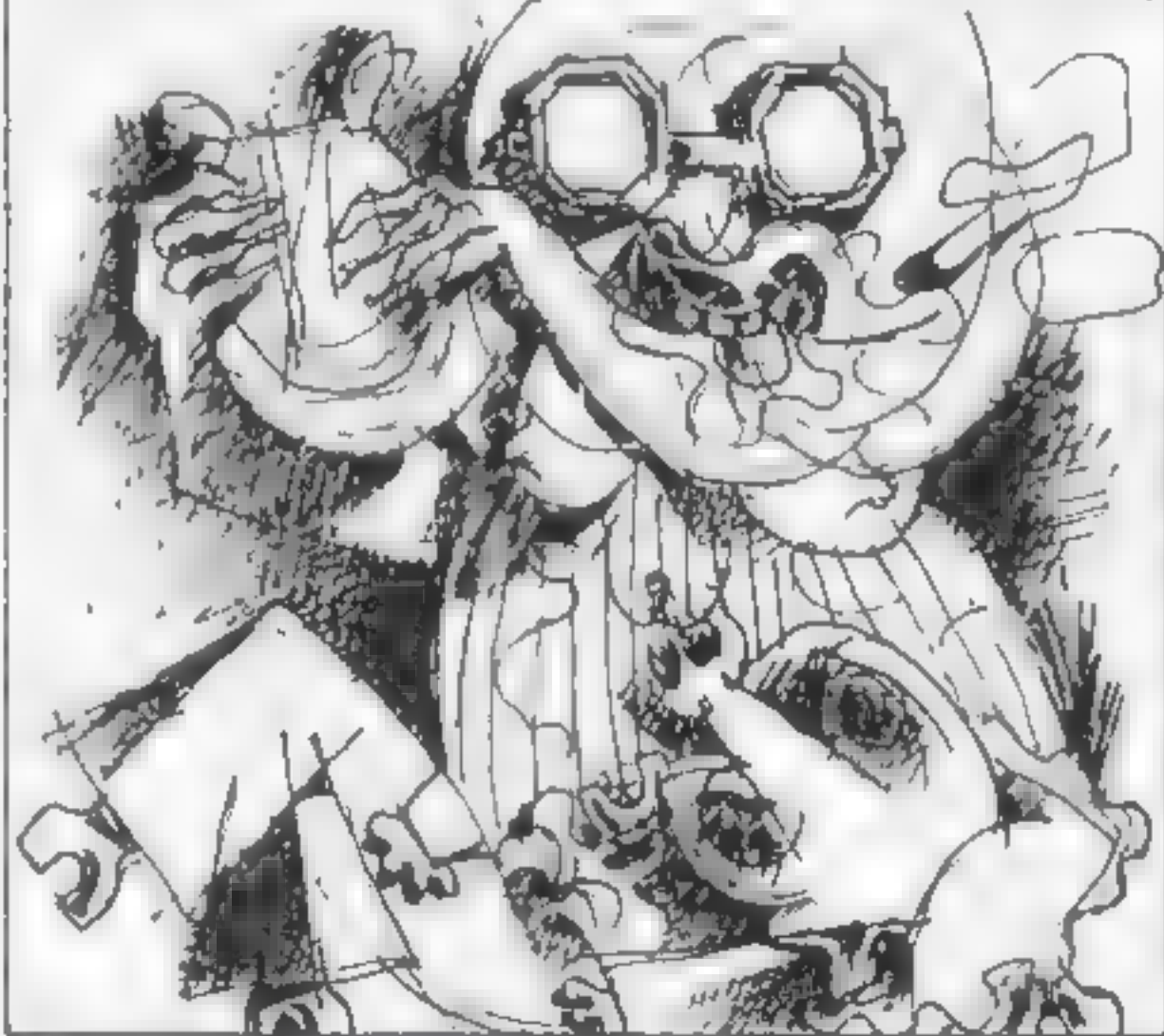


TAKE CARE NOT TO FALL IN HER NET





DO NOT STAY TOO LATE WITH THE LYRE PLAYER,



BE AFRAID TO LET  
YOU BE CAUGHT BY  
HER ARTIFICE



DO NOT RIVET YOUR LOOK ON A  
YOUNG GIRL,



BE AFRAID TO WALK INTO HER CONDEMNATION'S TRAP



DO NOT CONFIDE IN PROSTITUTES,

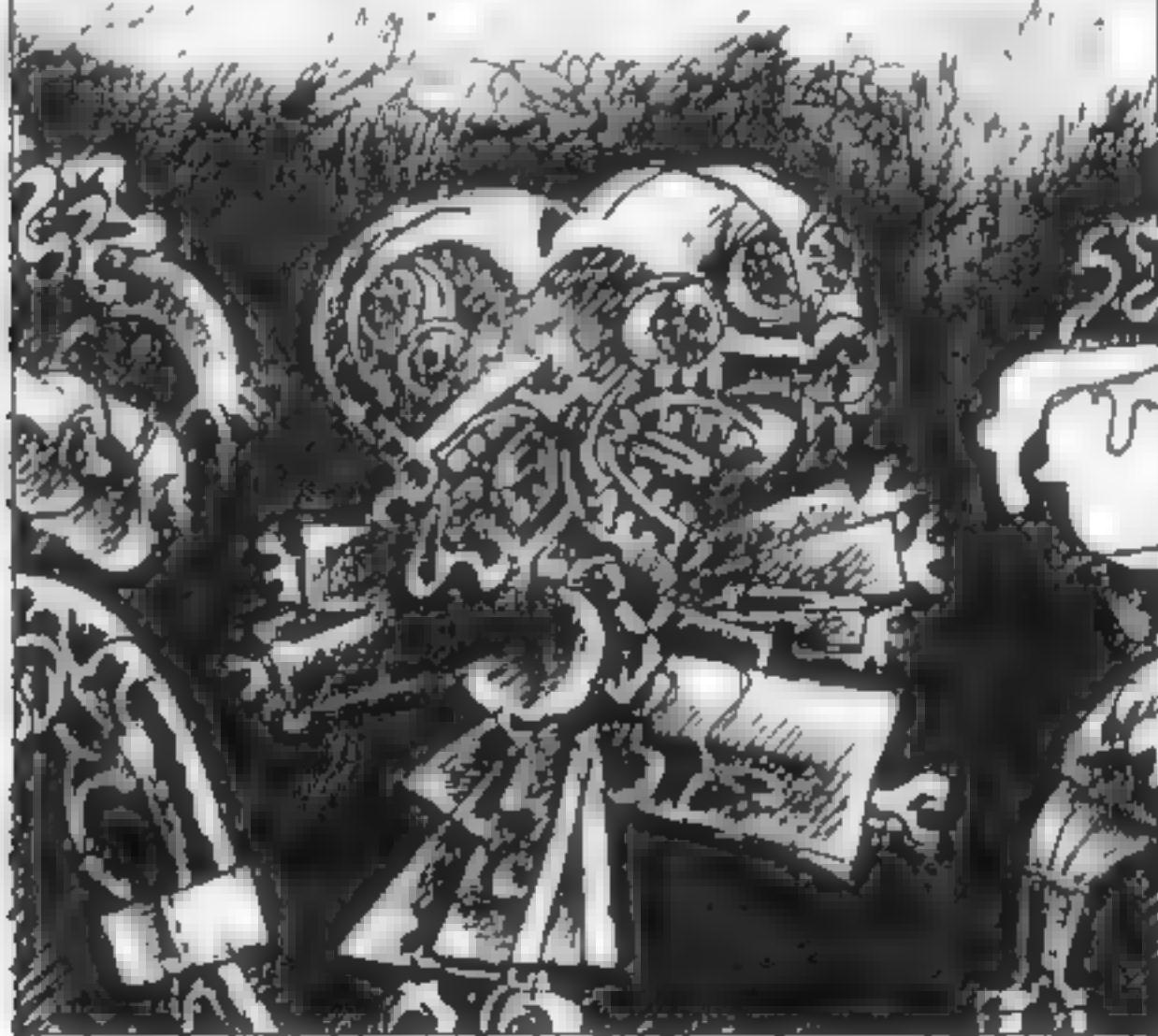


BE AFRAID TO LOOSE YOUR  
HERITAGE





do not look All AROUND you in the city streets,



do not Loose your  
way in his UNINHABITED  
CORNERS



divert your Attention FROM A NICE WOMAN  
Do Not rivet your Look ON the beauty  
that does not belong to you



MANY lost their way  
WITH A WOMAN'S beauty  
Love inflames  
in it like a FIRE



NEVER SEAT NEAR A MARRIED WOMAN,  
do not FEAST DRINKING WINE WITH her,



FOR FEAR OF your soul inclines in favour of her  
and in your passion you slip to your RUN





HIRAGUCHI'S MANGA WHICH DESTROYS COMMON SENSE AND SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY NOW TAKES ON A FORBIDDEN THEME.

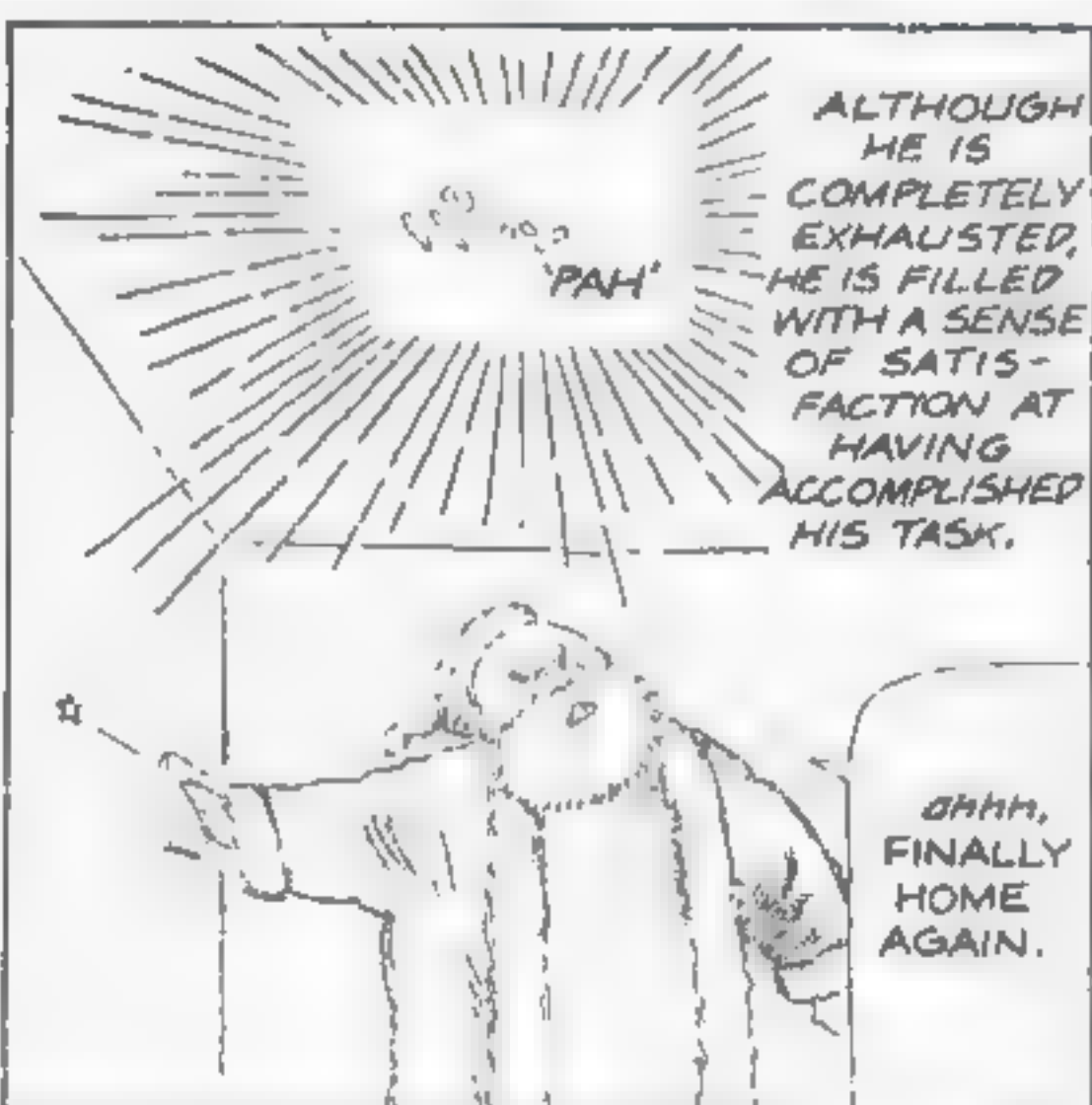
## SANTA AND NEW YEAR'S



HERE IS SANTA ON  
THE ROAD HOME  
AFTER ONCE  
AGAIN COM-  
PLETING THIS  
YEARS WORK  
WITHOUT  
INCIDENT.

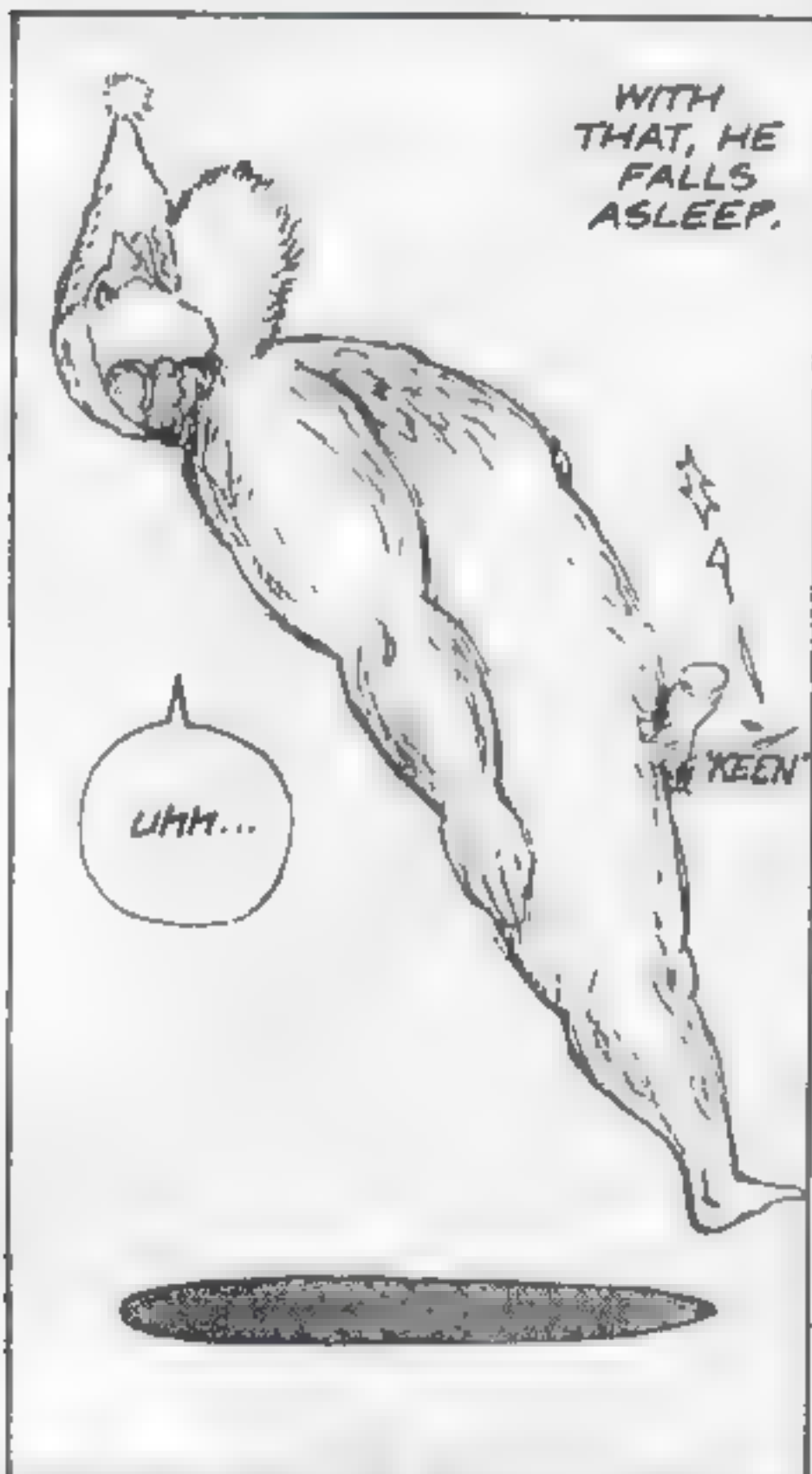


ALTHOUGH  
HE IS  
COMPLETELY  
EXHAUSTED,  
HE IS FILLED  
WITH A SENSE  
OF SATIS-  
FACTION AT  
HAVING  
ACCOMPLISHED  
HIS TASK.



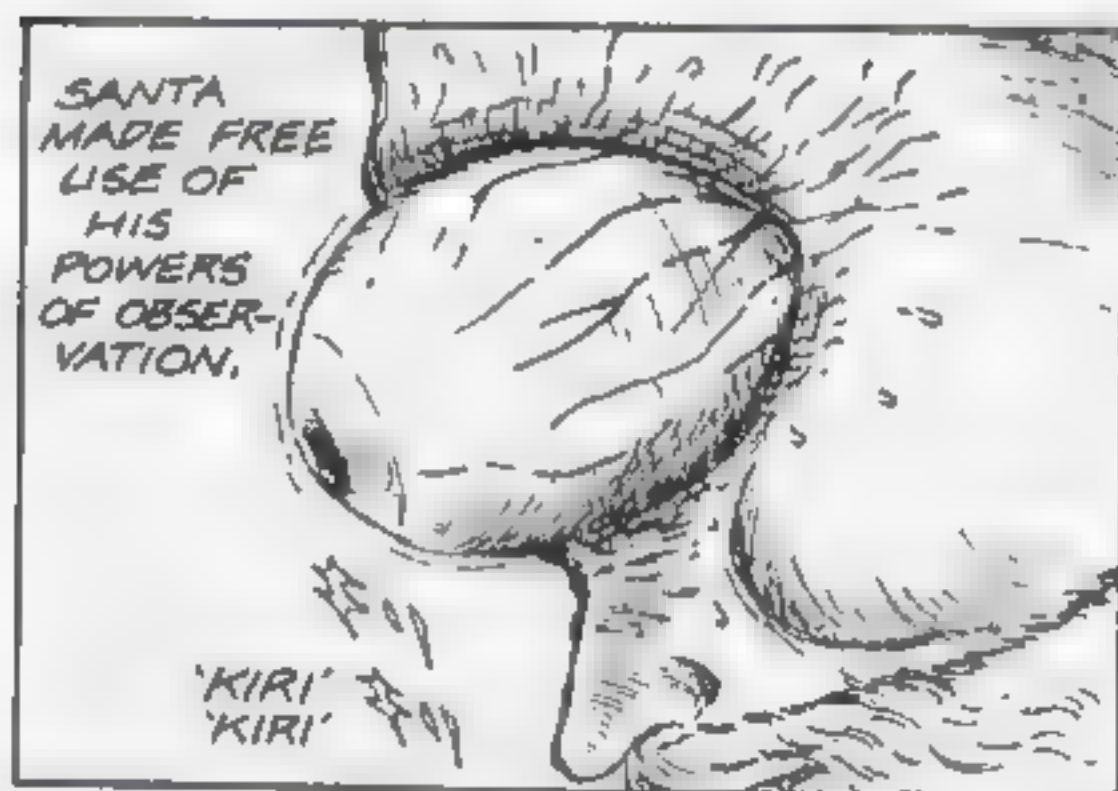
OHMM,  
FINALLY  
HOME  
AGAIN.



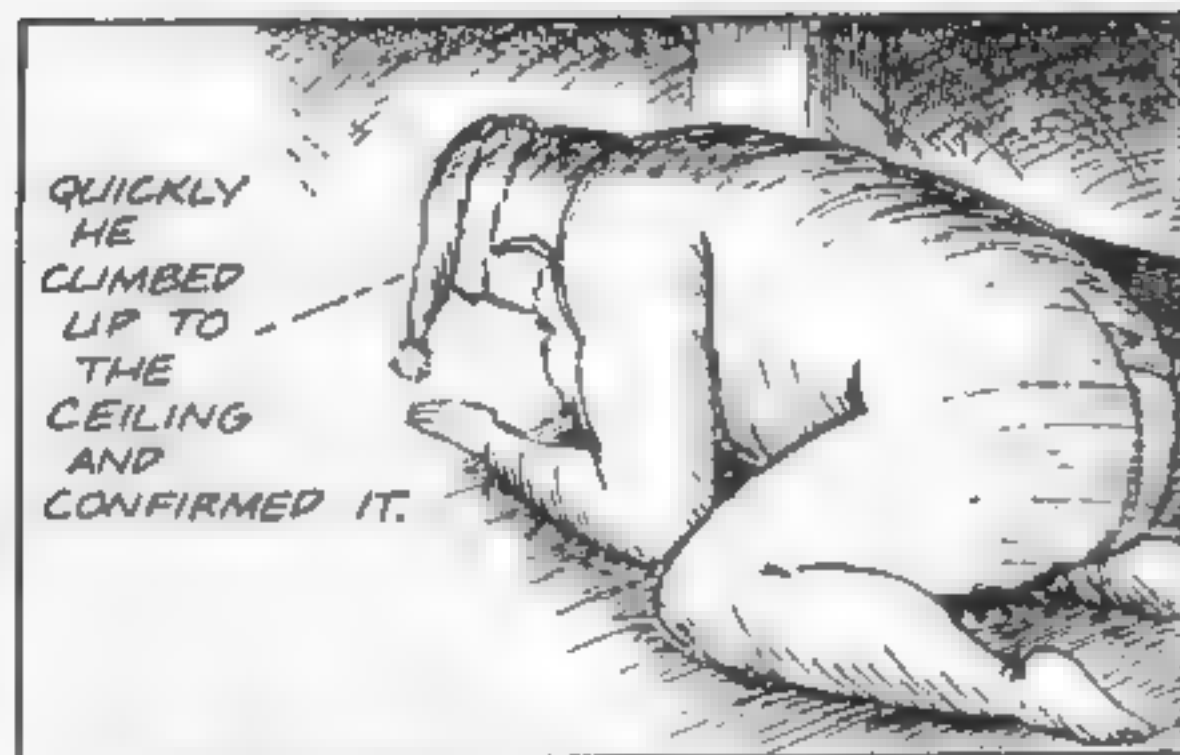


↑ RED AND WHITE SINGING COMPETITION: ON TV, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, TWO TEAMS OF SINGERS (RED AND WHITE) PERFORM SONGS THEN ARE VOTED ON BY A PANEL OF JUDGES.













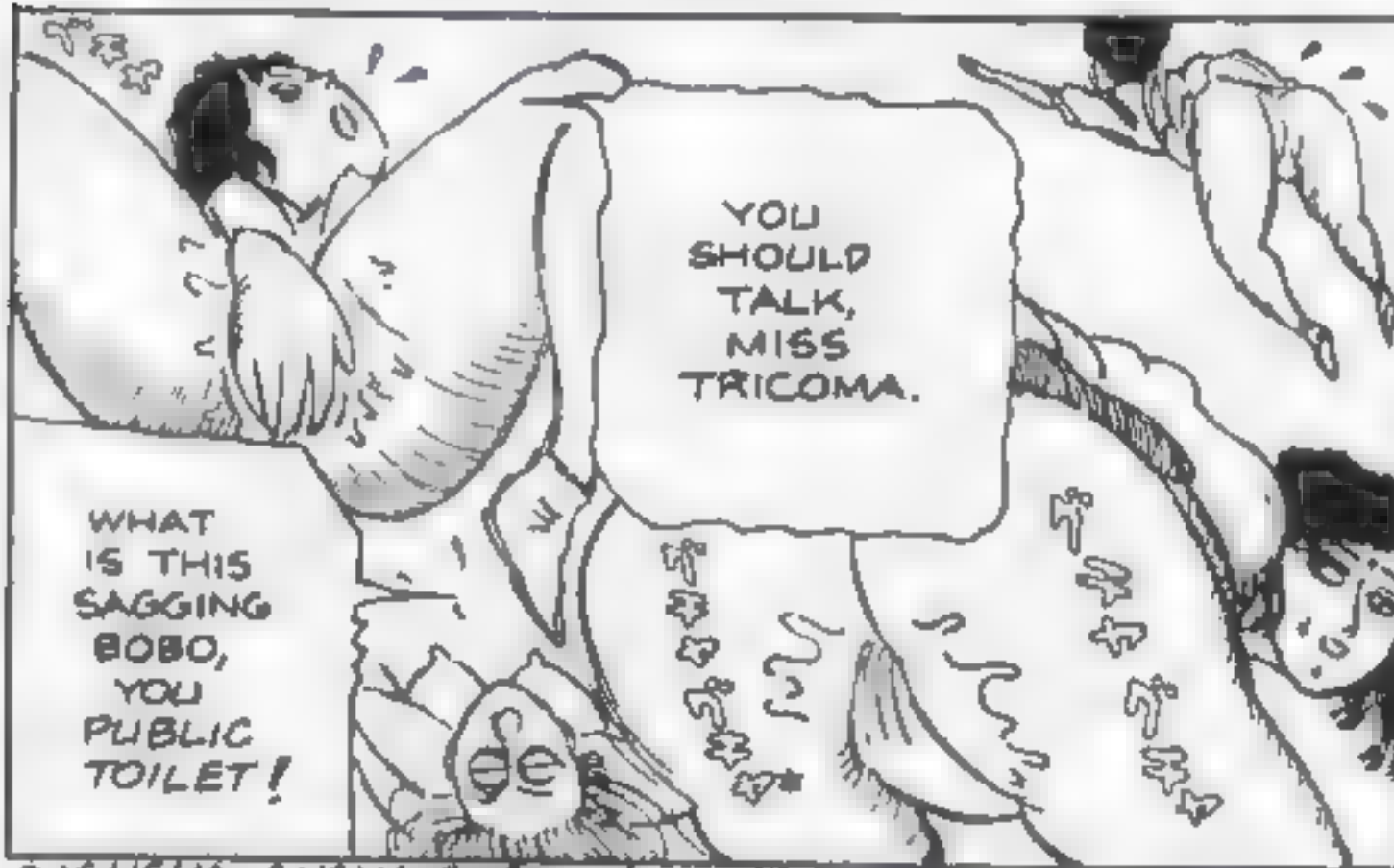
HEY, YUKIKO-SAN,  
YOU'RE SO  
WORRIED ABOUT  
THE LOAN  
YOU TOOK OUT  
TO BUY YOUR  
KIMONO, YOU'RE  
FORGETTING  
ABOUT  
YOUR FINGER.

\* AH, AH \*



HOW  
DARE YOU!  
I PAID  
IN CASH!!  
DON'T TAKE  
ME FOR A  
FOOL, YOU  
SAGGING  
BOBO.

\* GUNYA, GUNYA, GUNYA, GUNYA \*



YOU  
SHOULD  
TALK,  
MISS  
TRICOMA.

WHAT  
IS THIS  
SAGGING  
BOBO,  
YOU  
PUBLIC  
TOILET!

\* GUCHA, GUCHA GUCHA, GUCHA \*



BOTH  
OF YOU,  
QUIET  
DOWN!

IT'S  
DISTRACTING  
!



HERE  
WE  
GO.

\* BIKI, BIKI \*



\* DOKAH \*

WHOA

HERE'S  
SOMETHING  
NEW.  
SANTA BRINGS  
YOU HIS GREAT  
BLEEDING  
PRESENT.  
A GIFT  
OF LOVE.

EEYAH,  
IT'S  
FAT!!



I BEG  
OF YOU,  
AT LEAST  
LET ME  
TAKE OFF  
MY KIMONO.

IH.  
MY  
BREATH..!!

HYIH  
!!

BLOOD  
!!

TAKE  
THAT  
!

ズ  
ッ  
ッ  
'ZUBOH'















